

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



J. Allan Cash

The Houses of Parliament, Stormont, where, during the State Visit to Northern Ireland of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, Her Majesty will today receive and reply to addresses of loyalty

In this number:

The Bamboo Curtain (G. J. Yorke)

Can Weather Experts Help Our Crops? (Lionel P. Smith)

Science and Responsibility (John Ferret)



**Get the book
from SMITH'S
TO-DAY!**

Every book reviewed or advertised in today's *Listener* can be obtained from any of Smith's bookshops—the bookshops with the finest supply service in the world.

W.H. Smith & Son's Bookshops

**fill up and feel
the difference**



The summer means, among other pleasures, a chance to get out and enjoy the benefits of Shell performance. Young motorists are finding out that Shell — already the favourite brand of older drivers — has built its reputation on results.* More and more are discovering that wherever you go in Britain...

YOU CAN BE SURE OF

*In the British Empire Trophy Race the first four places were:—

ASTON MARTIN (R. Parnell)
record speed of 73.96 and lap record.
FRAZER-NASH (K. Wharton)
FERRARI (H. Ruesch)
JAGUAR (Stirling Moss)

using Shell Premier Petrol as sold from the pump.

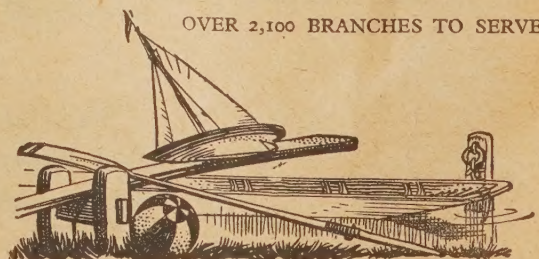


July

Even the longer summer days are not long enough for the housewife. When you are so busy it is easy to overlook household accounts, but this need not worry you if you bank at the Midland, for an up-to-date statement of your receipts and payments is always available.

MIDLAND BANK

OVER 2,100 BRANCHES TO SERVE YOU



The Listener

Vol. L. No. 1270

Thursday July 2 1953

REGISTERED AT THE G. P. O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:		NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK 20
Towards a United Germany? (Joseph Harsch) 3		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
The Bamboo Curtain (G. J. Yorke) 5		From Pat Sloan, Walter H. Brook, Ella Maillart, L. M. Hopkins,
The Second South Pacific Conference (J. W. Davidson) 7		David Jones, H. M. Burton, Maurice Goldsmith, W. F. Irvine,
Constitution-Making in Pakistan (W. H. Morris-Jones) 11		A. C. B. Lovell, and Violet Markham 22
Political Tension in Nigeria (Ernest Ikoli) 13		ART:
THE LISTENER:		Round the London Galleries (pictures) 24
Romantic Statistics 8		LITERATURE:
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) 8		Early Epic and Modern Poetry (John Holloway) 25
DID YOU HEAR THAT?		The Listener's Book Chronicle 31
An Ancient River-trade (D. J. B. McTurk) 9		New Novels (Anthony Rhodes) 33
Traveller's Tale (Audrey Butt) 9		ARCHAEOLOGY:
Fraternities Made Plain (F. Harris Borden) 9		The Tomb with the Bulls' Heads (W. B. Emery) 27
Fit for a Queen (Ivor Jones) 10		CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:
A Roman Storehouse (Arthur Appleton) 10		Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) 34
POEMS:		Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) 34
The Mark (Robert Graves) 12		Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) 35
Amer Savoier, Celui Qu'on Tire du Voyage! (Dwight Smith) 16		The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) 36
AGRICULTURE:		Music (Dyneley Hussey) 36
Can Weather Experts Help Our Crops? (Lionel P. Smith) 15		MUSIC: The Piano Sonatas of Clementi (Philip Radcliffe) 37
THE BICENTENARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM—III (Bernard Ashmole) 17		FOR THE HOUSEWIFE 39
THE QUEEN'S GENERATION—II. Science and Responsibility (John Perret) 19		NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS 39
		CROSSWORD NO. 1,209 39

Towards a United Germany?

By JOSEPH HARSCH

NOT quite two weeks ago*, Berlin was the scene of something which could not happen. The workers of East Berlin rose against their Communist masters, in one of the great mass demonstrations of history. I would like to retell part of that story from information which has been put together since the event.

It began with the construction workers on Communist east Germany's show project—the rebuilding of the street now known as Stalin Allee. The building workers decided that day that instead of working they would go down to the centre of the city and tell their Government that they were dissatisfied, and ask for a redress of their grievances. They wanted a release from the decree that they should do ten per cent. more work every day than they had been doing. They wanted more food at lower prices. Their purpose was not riot and violence; they only had grievances which they felt keenly and which they wished to present to someone who might do something about them. At first they were going to send a delegation, but on reflection the whole group decided to go along. As they started off, marching down the street, there was no visible overtone of anything unusual. Workers in Communist countries frequently march off on demonstrations. These were supposedly the most loyal of workers, for it was an honour to work on the buildings which were intended to ornament a street named after the great Stalin. Many of them were Stakhanovites; so the police looked on benignly as they started their march, and as they went

through the Alexander Platz, Communist Party officials are said to have leaned out of office windows and waved at the marchers.

But gradually as they marched they started chanting their demands and these demands grew more numerous. From wanting an end to the ten per cent. higher 'norm', as they call it, they found themselves thinking of such things as freedom, and then liberation. They used these words. And, as they marched on into the middle of Berlin, expanding their demands, and their confidence too—and no one stopped them—they found their numbers growing. And so many more than started reached the government ministries in the centre of the city. They repeated their demands, and when government officials came out and promised them concessions, they found themselves booing instead of cheering. And then they went home without doing anything more, except that they apparently began thinking of calling a general strike.

Perhaps it might have all ended there: they had been promised relief from their biggest grievances—the ten per cent. increase in the 'norm'. But, somehow, the story did not end there. No one in Berlin, or in all of Germany, yet knows precisely why it did not end there. Probably there were many reasons. One, undoubtedly, was the grinding memory of a whole year of steadily increasing pressure from their taskmasters; and of steadily declining pay and food and of the other good things of life. Another reason, we may guess, was their quick awareness of uncertainty among their masters, and of weakness. People in Communist countries

* Broadcast from Berlin on June 26: the third talk in a series entitled 'An American Looks at Europe'

develop a sixth sense about government. They know instinctively when it becomes unsure. There had been signs that the east German so-called People's Republic had come out of favour with Moscow. Only six days before, many of its oppressive policies of twelve months' standing had been reversed with admission of mistake. Perhaps the twelve months of mounting misery and degradation, coupled with the proof of the first day that the masters' grip on the throat had weakened, were all that was necessary to cause what happened on the second day. But, whatever the reasons, more did happen.

At seven o'clock on the night of the first day, many a German worker was listening to his favourite radio station—a station called RIAS—which speaks from the little island of freedom of west Berlin, right in the middle of the Russian zone. For half an hour, all of east Germany heard from RIAS what had happened that first day in Berlin. Then, when the news was over, a familiar and a respected voice came on the air. It was the voice of a man who had gone through the same experience many of these east German people had been through. He was once a member of the Communist Party back in the mid-'thirties; he had learned from that experience; he had broken with Moscow long before the war; had been rescued by the British from Czechoslovakia; had gone to England and learned there how to phrase and express the ideas of freedom over the air for the B.B.C. He has been with RIAS now for three years; an old German worker, a man who understood the workers' problems; a man who, like his listeners, knew from long, bitter experience the hollowness of eastern European communism.

His east German listeners had been accustomed to listen to this man for guidance. His name was Eberhard Schutz. That night of the first demonstration in Berlin, the familiar voice of Eberhard Schutz spoke carefully and quietly. He congratulated the east Berlin workers on what they had done, and how they had done it. He told them they had won a victory; he pointed out that the form of their victory had disposed once for all of the idea that resistance to brutal terror can only be an expression of hopeless despair or of martyrdom. He reminded them that if they were to fulfil the demands of the east German Government, they would make east Germany too valuable to Russia ever to be given up. He ended his commentary with this sentence: 'We would be delighted to inform you of more victories in the days to come'.

That commentary of Eberhard Schutz was repeated a second time on the first night after the opening demonstration in Berlin. It was repeated at half past ten in the evening. Then RIAS went on the air at five o'clock the next morning with bulletins. After the bulletins the leader of free west Berlin's biggest trade union, Ernest Scharnowski, came on. He, too, congratulated the east Berlin workers; he told them their demands were just; he advised them to insist on payment of their wages punctually and that food prices be lowered. He said to all other east Berlin workers speaking of those who had marched the first day: 'Do not let them fight alone'. He called on other trade unions to march on the second day; he named a specific square as a suitable place for a mass demonstration. At the end, speaking on behalf of all free German workers in west Berlin, he assured those in the Communist zone of Germany the fullest sympathy and the belief that 'you will fight upright and to a good end'.

The Workers March

I need not tell you what happened as the second day of the Berlin demonstrations wore on after those broadcasts over RIAS. The workers of east Berlin poured out in hundreds of thousands. The east German Government was totally incapable of handling the situation. The Russians had to come in with their battalions and their tanks, but they could not bring all their armed force from the zone to the city; for the workers had marched, too, in all the other big cities of the Russian zone.

It is past history now; west Berlin has buried its dead—those it could recover—for many of its people had crossed the sector boundary. Berlin itself has settled into an uneasy calm. The western city is quite normal on the surface; the eastern city is quiet. The tanks are still deployed just behind the sector line—some three armoured divisions-worth of them—but less conspicuously than a few days before. Workers who live on one side of the line and work on the other have been allowed passes. Many west Berliners caught behind the sector line by Russian martial law have been allowed to return to their homes. In east Berlin, we were told, shops and factories are open; food is said to be a little more plentiful than before the demonstrations. The workers are at their jobs but practising the slow-down. Officials of the east German Government

have gone among them protesting their true interest in workers' welfare. Bayonet and machine gun have put a lid back upon the cauldron.

We do not know here in free Berlin how many have been imprisoned, or how many killed. The guess is that about 200 on both sides died on the second day of the demonstrations. Perhaps the number in prison runs into thousands—it would be possible. How many have been executed since then is any man's guess—the Communists say twenty-five—it might be fifty, it might be 500. But this we do know now, the events in east Germany of June 16 and 17 changed the face of our times. The old theory that east Germany had been tainted by Communism has been washed away; so, too, is the theory that men cannot make their will felt against a modern tyranny armed with tanks. There are other casualties as well. The east Germans can no longer be regarded by their happier and richer brothers in west Germany as poor relations who really should manage to be neither seen nor heard. The east Germans are all Germany's heroes now. The west German Government has been forced to recognise the priority of the cause of east German liberation and of all-German unity.

Permanent Division of Germany 'Non-existent'

These changes fit none of the old policies—neither Russia's nor ours. Those old policies were based on an assumption of a permanent division of Germany, between a Communist east and a free west. The division has been shown to be non-existent. Policies based on the old assumption of a division hang in mid-air now without foundation. Germany is going to be united again somehow.

That may not be apparent yet across the Atlantic or even across the Channel; it is the one clear reality here in Berlin. The only doubt is how the statesmen will manage to bring it about. The Russians apparently know themselves that it must come. They stayed out of the demonstrations as long as they could—they got out afterwards as soon as they dared. Their own soldiers did as little shooting as possible—most of it was done by the east German Volkspolitzer. From beginning to end the Russians have tried to avoid antagonising Germans more than they already have. They have tried to leave the onus and the responsibility on their expendable German Communist puppets. The feel of the situation in Berlin is that the Russians are groping, fumbling, hoping for something which will let them out of a situation which has become almost intolerable. They have discovered the massive antagonism of the German people towards them, even of those Germans whom they thought they had won over to their cause.

But there is one line of development which might save the Russians from the consequences of their great policy failure in Germany. If the west continues to do nothing to recognise the change in Germany; if the west continues to assume that the division of Germany can last, then the Russians might be able to salvage their position; might be able to capitalise on today's German expectation that their own great active initiative will be used by the west, and promptly, to further the cause of German unity. If the west fails to respond to that expectation, and to attempt to satisfy it, then of necessity there will be disillusionment among Germans where today there is hope. The Russians might seize that disillusionment. Right now the Russians would seem to be seeking a way out of Germany. Even a month from now the whole pattern could change.

There is a footnote to this story. I do not know, and no one probably will ever be able to decide definitely, how much influence the broadcast over RIAS had to do with the scope of the second day's demonstrations in Berlin. But I do think that we may be sure of this. RIAS—'Radio in the American Sector'—was the major means by which all east Germany learned of the first day's demonstration in Berlin. Probably RIAS had much to do with the risings in the other cities on the second day. On the day before the first demonstration Senator McCarthy in Washington was asking the American High Commissioner for Germany, Dr. James Conant, if he knew that RIAS was run by Communists putting out Communist propaganda. On the day after the second demonstration, the young American who had made the grave decision to let those broadcasts go out over RIAS, received word that he had been ordered to Washington to appear before Senator McCarthy. The grisly irony of it is that if Gordon Ewing, the man who took this responsibility, were not under attack from Senator McCarthy for allegedly harbouring Communists, he would be under discipline today for having carried the anti-Communism of RIAS too dangerously far, when the day towards which he and his German staff had been working for over seven years finally came.—*Home Service*

The Bamboo Curtain

G. J. YORKE on the British in Hong Kong

HONG KONG was a barren and empty island when we took it during the 'Opium War'. Lord Palmerston had decided to make the Chinese trade with us on our own terms and had sent a small force from India to seize and hold Chusan, a fair-sized island some half way up the China coast. He wanted it as a base and a bargaining point when it came to discussing peace terms. But when he learned that it had been given up for the small island of Hong Kong, of which he had never even heard, he was furious. The

so that normal life was impossible. On this mud flat we built thirteen two-storeyed houses and a short walk facing the river. In the height of the trading season some 1,000 people would be huddled together in a compound only 200 yards square. Life was only tolerable because holidays could be taken at the nearby Portuguese settlement of Macao, where wives and ponies were kept.

We were not allowed to buy and sell with whom we pleased, but had to deal with a guild of Chinese merchants, called the Cohong, consisting of from six to thirteen firms, of whom at any given moment at least one was on the verge of bankruptcy or had just failed. With one exception we red-headed barbarians were not subject to Chinese law, but the Hong merchants acted as sureties for us and were fined in our stead. They met these fines from a special tax which they imposed on our trade. The exception was homicide, in which case a life was demanded for a life regardless of the particular circumstances of the case, or whether the victim surrendered was guilty. On the only occasion when we handed over a hapless seaman he was strangled slowly in front of our factories. Once a year the following insulting notice was posted up in our compound: 'It is very difficult for . . . barbarians to understand the proprieties . . . of the Celestial Empire. Hence Hong merchants . . . have been appointed to . . . control them, to repress their pride and profligacy and to insist on causing them to turn their hearts towards propriety'. Thus, one night, when Richard Thom visited a lady of easy virtue in a flower boat nearby he was returned to his factory trussed upside down to a bamboo pole.

So even in those days life behind the bamboo curtain was intolerable to an Englishman. After defeating Napoleon we were no longer prepared to live and trade on such terms. It was at the point of the sword that Lord Palmerston opened up the treaty ports, where we could live our own life. Our right to do so was never admitted by the Chinese, and our way of doing it was bitterly resented. Now that the Communists are in power in

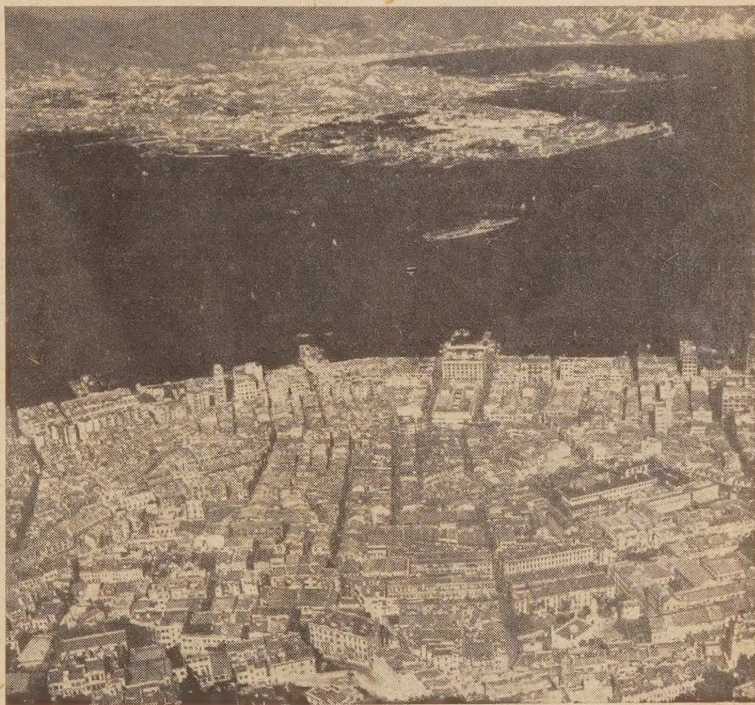


Hong Kong: north-east view of Victoria in 1843, and (below) looking over the harbour and Nine Dragon peninsula from Hong Kong Peak today

Emperor of China was equally angry at his own loss of face in losing even an island, so the war went on. But in those days 10,000 British soldiers with a score of warships and armed steamers were sufficient to dictate terms to the Chinese. The treaty of Nanking was signed and Hong Kong is still ours. The need for our keeping it, if we are to trade with China on reasonable terms, is still the same. The only difference lies in the size of the force necessary to hold it.

The Chinese have always thought themselves superior to all other peoples, and in fact they were in many ways more cultured than ourselves right up to the nineteenth century. In the tenth century they had welcomed Arab merchants. Since, however, the Arabs could not speak Chinese and were ignorant of local custom, it was thought convenient by both parties to restrict the trade to five ports and to control it by imperial edict. Six centuries later when we had taken over from the Arabs, the same regulations were in force. Then, in the seventeenth century, the Pope sent a mission of scientific Jesuits to the court of Peking. It was they who cast the first cannon, reformed the calendar, and engraved an up-to-date map of China at the Emperor's request. However, a dispute arose as to the best word for 'God' in Chinese and the Pope ruled against the Emperor. The latter at once saw the red light, for, as he put it: 'There is apprehension lest in centuries or millenniums to come China may be endangered by collision with various nations in the west'. He let down the bamboo curtain.

The method he employed was simple but most subtle. We foreign devils were confined to a mud flat just outside the walls of Canton and denied the companionship of women,



Peking, history is repeating itself, for we can no longer live at ease on Chinese soil. That the curtain was lifted for a century was thus due to our having taken Hong Kong and kept it as a base in Chinese waters.

The importance and peculiarity of Hong Kong today are well described in the first of a new series of books about British Colonial Territories which has been issued by the Colonial Office*, and I am basing the rest of my talk on it. The island covers only thirty-two square miles of hill, granite, and scrub. As the new colony developed and Chinese flocked to live and trade there in a security unknown at home, we were forced to increase the living space by extending to the mainland across the bay. First, we took three and a half square miles on the tip of the Kowloon or Nine Dragon peninsula, and when this proved insufficient we leased for ninety-nine years the rest of the peninsula and a number of small islands. But this additional land is no longer sufficient to feed the colony or to ensure defence in depth in the event of attack by a modern army. It was this precarious position of Hong Kong that was brought home when the Japanese took it so easily during the last war. If the Chinese refuse to renew the lease of the Nine Dragon peninsula in 1997, the colony will be faced with a fresh crisis.

Two Thousand People Per Acre

There are now some 2,500,000 Hong Kong Chinese who enjoy our protection, and they easily outnumber the total population of New Zealand. 1,250,000 of them live on the island itself, so that in places there are 2,000 to the acre. The difficulties with which the Hong Kong Government has to cope in dealing with squatters alone are unequalled the world over. There are squatter factories, restaurants, opium dens, and even a police force and fire brigade. Saturation point by any western standard has been reached long ago, and the authorities would like to close the door, but they cannot. The controlling factor is the state of China, where, when conditions are good, people stay at home, but when they are bad, flock to Hong Kong.

No one who has seen the graceful lines of an ocean-going junk can forget it. There are 17,000 of these and smaller boats registered in the colony, so that the total population living permanently afloat is estimated at 200,000. Not one of these craft is owned by a man with a British passport, though all are dependent for their living on our protection. Most of them are fishermen who make Hong Kong their centre because, as one of them put it, 'there is peace and no pirates'. When asked if he felt himself to be a British subject with a share in and duty towards the colony, he answered with typical Chinese realism: 'No, my ancestors' tombs are in Macao and my father was born there. Besides, what difference would it make . . . ? Although I am Chinese I am well protected and make a living'.

Our policy throughout the Commonwealth is to make the people on the spot, regardless of race and colour, independent and self-governing, even before some of them are really qualified to be so. The large important Portuguese and Indian communities in Hong Kong are ready and willing to play their part. But it does not look as if the Chinese there will ever become responsible members of our Empire. Though they enjoy British freedom and protection, they will never fight for it against their own countrymen, and it is on the willingness and the power to fight that the very existence of Hong Kong has always depended. There are individual and most valuable exceptions, but in the main the Chinese community of Hong Kong, which so heavily outnumbers all others, is not prepared to share the responsibilities of an Empire, to which in fact, though not in Chinese law, they belong.

This is reflected in the way in which the colony is run. The Governor, as representative of the Queen, is assisted by an executive council, which acts as a cabinet, but is appointed by and responsible to him alone. There is therefore nothing democratic about it. Then the consent of the legislative council is required before laws are passed or public money is spent. In principle this is democratic, but in fact the members are not elected by, or responsible to, the public. A list of less than twenty names covers those who in fact run the government, finance, and big business of the colony. Hong Kong is run efficiently as a British business concern, not as a training-ground for Chinese politicians, and its continued prosperity depends on it.

From the very start free trade has been the key to growth. Nature has helped by providing the only safe deep-sea port between Singapore and Shanghai, but without freedom of trade Hong Kong would never have become the largest banking centre in the Far East, or provided the 'cheapest harbour facilities in the world. Yet its main function is that of being the depot for the China trade. As the colony's Director of

Commerce and Industry put it recently: 'If this function is to be fulfilled restriction on the movement of goods in and out must be kept to the minimum'. Even today there is no general tariff, income tax is low, and price control is restricted.

Neither we, nor the Chinese who found it profitable to settle in Hong Kong, intended to found a colony. Our sense of law and fair play converted a barren island into a flourishing community. The Chinese could not have done this for themselves, but neither could we have done it without their help. Their cheap labour, industry, and instinct for trade have been indispensable to its growth. No indigenous people were displaced and no slave or indentured labour was imported. We merely took an empty island and let all and sundry come there to trade under our flag. It is true that at times the colony has harboured Chinese rebels, but it has never interfered in politics on the mainland. Communist China suffers nothing but the memory of a past grievance and perhaps a feeling of envy and frustration. After all, it is only natural that in their present phase of extreme nationalism they should resent anyone's possession of Hong Kong. From their point of view it is the last fruit left on the tree planted by western enterprise on Chinese soil, fed by capital, and protected from theft by armed force. They may like to think of it now as ripe for plucking, but should they try they may equally soon realise their mistake.

The vast possibilities of trade with China have lured merchant adventurers to the Far East ever since the tenth century. Yet the realisation of their hopes is as remote today as when we built the first foreign factory on a mud flat outside the walls of Canton. Development of the China market depends on the existence of safe depots at which goods can be collected and bulked for export, and where imports can be broken down for distribution up-country. Wherever this is done, those who do it must be free from local extortion and from unreasonable interference by the central government. These conditions were enforced by us at the treaty ports for a century, during which Hong Kong grew and flourished as the depot for the trade of south China.

Now that the Communists are in power in Peking the bamboo curtain has dropped again. The old insulting cries of 'foreign devil' and 'red-headed barbarian' have been replaced by the more up-to-date but equally abusive terms of 'imperialist bloodsucker' and 'plutocratic swine'. Life behind the curtain is just as intolerable to an Englishman now as it was then. But there is one great difference: we no longer have to live behind it if we want to trade with China. Protected by British bayonets, we can carry on from Hong Kong, where we are not subject to restriction, to insult, or to the farce of trials before a 'people's' court.

Unfortunately at the present time the China trade is no longer free. Embargoes have been placed on certain imports owing to the war in Korea, while the Chinese Government in their turn are now able to control exports to Hong Kong. The overall trade with China is decreasing, yet the prosperity of the colony has not suffered. A greater proportion of that trade now passes through Hong Kong instead of being shipped direct from Europe or America to the old treaty ports. Then fresh markets have been opened up, so that seventy per cent. of the colony's trade is now done with countries outside China. Lastly, Hong Kong is well on the way to becoming a most important manufacturing and shipbuilding centre. Large textile and rubber industries have been developed, while the two biggest and fastest passenger liners ever built in the Commonwealth outside the United Kingdom have recently been launched there. Cheap Chinese labour combined with low taxes makes it possible for goods and ships to be produced cheaper than anywhere else in the Empire.

Example of the British Way of Life

History has shown that we in the west can guide orientals to mutual advantage with the light reins of paternal despotism. When this form of government becomes intolerable to them, as it did in India and Ceylon, we step aside and unwilling subjects become friends and equal partners in the Empire. But we cannot so step aside in Hong Kong, for the overwhelming majority of the people there are Chinese. Their cultural ties with their fellow countrymen across the border are such that they will never fight them to defend the freedom of trade and thought on which the prosperity of the colony depends. It would wither behind the bamboo curtain. We can and do increase their voice in the government and in the board room, so that Anglo-Chinese partnership is now real and lasting, but we cannot afford to hand over the reins completely to them. The very existence of Hong Kong depends upon its remaining in our hands and in our Empire. It is a sterling example of the British way of life and of free trade. Long may it so remain.—*Third Programme*

* Hong Kong. By W. H. Ingrams. H.M. Stationery Office. 27s. 6d. The illustration of Victoria in 1843 is taken from this book.

The Second South Pacific Conference

By J. W. DAVIDSON

SUCCESS in modern government depends on effective co-operation between the expert and the politician. This problem, of reconciling the needs of social and economic development on a scientific basis with the realities of political life, seldom presents itself in so acute a form as in the islands of the South Pacific. A population of between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 is scattered over an area stretching for roughly 7,000 miles from the Tuamotus in the east to Dutch New Guinea in the west, and 3,000 from the Marianas in the north to New Caledonia in the south. Politically, it is divided between seventeen different administrations—all of them too small or too poor to finance the full range of services expected of a modern government. Internally, also, most of the territories have difficulty in attaining a satisfactory degree of unity. In the eastern half of the area the people are well able culturally to participate in the work of a central government; but the actual degree of centralisation is limited by the multiplicity of islands. In the west, where the land masses are larger, cultural divisions impose an even greater barrier to centralised development. For example, in many parts of New Guinea the people of adjacent villages speak different languages; and in some places local warfare still survives.

Joint Action

For many years past, men of imagination have realised that the raising of standards of wealth and welfare in the islands can come only with the attainment of a large measure of collaboration between the different territories. In a few fields such joint action has been effective for many years. To give the most notable example, a majority of territories have sent pupils to the Central Medical School at Suva, where they are trained as assistant medical practitioners. But a far more ambitious step was taken in 1948, when all the powers administering Pacific Islands territories—Australia, France, the Netherlands, New Zealand, the United Kingdom, and the United States—formed the South Pacific Commission, with headquarters at Noumea, the capital of the French colony of New Caledonia. The main functions of the commission were to be those of co-ordinating research and technical advisory services for the benefit of all the territories. General control was vested in a body of commissioners representing the six governments. And they were to be assisted by two auxiliary bodies—a research council consisting of experts in social development, health, and economics; and the South Pacific Conference, a gathering of representatives of the peoples of the different territories. The South Pacific Conference was set up (in the words of the formal agreement) 'to associate with the work of the commission representatives of the local inhabitants'. The commission subsequently decided that most territories should be entitled to send two delegates and two alternates to its meetings. Delegations were to be chosen in each territory 'in accordance with its constitutional procedure'. The conference was thus to be the means of bringing the politicians (as I have termed them rather loosely) into contact with the experts at the level at which general plans of action could be formulated.

The first South Pacific Conference was held at Suva in Fiji in April 1950. It did not provide many conclusive answers. A few of the delegates discussed the issue before the conference with confidence and a broad knowledge of public affairs; but others presented papers prepared for them by experts which they had difficulty in understanding. And officials of the commission seem to have been constantly frightened that, if the debates did become lively, they would become political—and the commission is bound to steer clear of politics. A few useful personal contacts were made outside the conference room, but not as many as might have been hoped. So, it was with many doubts in my mind that I went to Noumea for the second Conference in April of this year. We met in the conference hall of the South Pacific Commission's headquarters, under the chairmanship of the Senior French Commissioner. The delegates themselves were men and women with the widest diversity of experience. Those who represented the more politically advanced territories were nearly all members

of local representative councils and assemblies, who had been chosen by their fellow members. They thus had the advantage of personal experience in public life as well as coming from places where the impact of western culture had long been felt. By contrast, few of the delegates from the more backward territories had experience in public life. Nearly all of them had been chosen by European officials.

It was interesting to observe how these differences worked out during the course of the conference. Delegates from territories such as American and western Samoa, French Oceania, or Fiji knew what they wanted, and they knew how to get it effectively and gracefully. They spoke, too, with the confidence of men who felt that they could persuade their own governments to carry out the policies they had advocated at the conference. Nor did they shirk difficult situations. Delegates from the less advanced territories approached the conference very differently. They were accompanied by European advisers, who tended to take their responsibilities all too seriously. Some advisers were constantly beside their delegates, thrusting draft speeches into their hands and offering counsel on every situation out of a simple desire to see them make a good impression. But others seemed more concerned with preventing anything being said which might be disagreed with by their governments. None the less, I think the conference attained one of its most significant successes as a result of the action of advisers. After a debate on marketing problems, a resolution was drafted in these terms: 'The Conference draws attention to the fact that the levy of an export duty may have a disparaging effect on a new indigenous industry in its early stages, and suggests that the Governments concerned should not overlook this factor when imposing export duties'. The point was one that needed making in the Pacific—many governments have overlooked it consistently—and the resolution was worded with great care. It merely drew the attention of governments to certain facts in a deferential and tentative way. It came as a shock when a representative of one of the most backward territories, a Solomon Islander, asked to have it withdrawn on the ground that he was 'far from sure' that it did not contravene the charter of the commission. He was joined by a delegate from the Gilbert and Ellice Islands; and a few others were also 'advised' to take the same line. This ganging up on the conference by advisers (as it seemed to be) angered many of the delegates, who determined to keep the resolution at all costs. Eventually a vote was taken on the question of whether it should be left on the order paper to be voted on substantively at the end of the conference. This first, procedural, vote required only a simple majority, but a two-thirds vote in favour would be needed to embody the substance of the motion in the report of the conference. On the first vote a majority in favour was obtained, but it was less than the two-thirds which would be needed later. The advocates of the motion had thus to persuade some delegates to switch their votes. They found plenty of sympathy for their point of view, but some members of the conference said frankly that they dared not vote against the instruction of their advisers. But a few were found who were ready to switch, including one who decided to ignore the European who sat by his side. When the resolution was finally passed for inclusion in the report, by twenty-two votes to eleven, delegates, advisers, and observers broke involuntarily into a round of applause.

A Scientific Approach

What general impression did the fortnight of debates convey? First of all, there was an impressive increase in general awareness of the need for a scientific approach to problems of development. For example, a delegate who has been a friend of mine for some years has always been hard to convince that scientific investigations are not a waste of money; but at the conference he made a powerful speech in favour of soil surveys, the preparation of land-use maps, and the systematic demarcation of areas which should be left as forest as preliminaries to agricultural development. And the interest in research was not narrowly confined. Demography, diet, entomology, and the use of

(continued on page 29)

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the east Berlin revolt

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 14d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Romantic Statistics

MR. COLIN CLARK, who taught himself statistics when as an undergraduate he was studying for a degree in chemistry, has always been one of the most entertaining and provocative of our economists. Not even his transformation from a Labour Party candidate first into a Cambridge don, then an Australian Civil Servant, and now Director of the Institute for Research into Agricultural Economics at Oxford, has deprived him of his love for putting the cat among the pigeons. We over here could ill spare him during his long absence in Australia. Fortunately he signalled his return by an attack on the Neo-Malthusians in a Third Programme broadcast, to which Mrs. Honor Croome made an able reply, and which, when published in THE LISTENER, induced severe criticism from several correspondents. Now he has printed the text of his Montague Burton lecture given at the University of Leeds just before his Third Programme talk on population, a lecture which is probably equally controversial.

The subject of his lecture was 'The Have and Have-Not Countries'. He began with an attack on the economic historians. Many history books, he says, convey the impression that the whole world lived under a primitive and unprogressive agrarian economy until the Industrial Revolution that took place in Britain in the eighteenth century. 'This', he tells us firmly, 'is a completely misleading picture'. Other countries were making economic progress long before England, and anyhow the growth of modern English industry began in the sixteenth not in the eighteenth century. Not only does Mr. Clark smartly rap these unnamed historians but also the geographers. Our historical ideas on this subject, he notes 'are often as illusory as our geographical ideas'. Then, of course, his fellow economists are at fault too—or at any rate they have failed in their teaching. 'While we are dealing with the erroneous views which people hold on this subject, it may be necessary (though of course it should not be) to point out that wealth, by and large, can only come from production . . .'. Production per man-hour is the proper means to measure the increase of real income. The 'have' countries are those in which real income slowly but steadily increases; the 'have-not' where it declines or remains stationary. He adds for good measure that production per man-hour has not increased rapidly in Russia: 'The Soviet system is incompetent as well as in-humane'.

From a statistical examination of the known facts Mr. Clark reaches the conclusion that 'the discrepancies between rich and poor, on the international scale, are now, in many ways, very much wider than they were a hundred years ago'. And if the world is to progress, since colonialism is now dead, the 'have countries' must help the 'have-nots'. The Colombo Plan and other such projects, he claims, are 'merely scratching the surface of the problem'. There will be few persons in any party or university who will deny that Mr. Clark is in fact discussing a major question of our time. It is easy for us in Britain to keep our eyes glued on Europe and the United States. But the hundreds of millions of hungry people in the east will not be contained for ever. One day they may overrun Europe and either establish a new civilisation destroying that of the west or submerge mankind in a welter of blood from which a new dark age will emerge. Whether any statesmen would be persuaded to initiate the vast capital movements that Mr. Clark advocates to rescue the world from chaos and disaster is another matter. But, as usual, he should provoke us to think seriously on the future needs of this earth.

* Published by the University of Leeds, price 6d.

EVENTS in eastern Germany continued to dominate commentaries broadcast last week. On June 27, a Communist demonstration was staged in east Berlin and was addressed by Prime Minister Grotewohl. After admitting past mistakes in party policy, he declared: 'The Government will exert all efforts to clear things up swiftly and thoroughly'. *Berliner Zeitung* was quoted as saying that all leave had been cancelled for all ministers and civil servants to enable them to carry out the new policy of concessions, designed to improve the standard of living of the people in the Soviet zone of Germany. A few days earlier, Berlin radio reported speeches made by Grotewohl and his deputy, Ulbricht, at various workers' meetings. Grotewohl declared that the resignation of the Government would be no solution to the present situation. He went on:

We have been worrying and working day and night since 1945 to build this state. . . . It is our duty to show the people that we are remedying our mistakes and are about to set out to make a fresh advance in the building of socialism.

Asked where the Government was going to get the resources to improve the lot of the workers, Grotewohl stated: 'by curtailing the extension of our heavy industries and by considerably cutting down on the resources for the establishment of national armed forces'. He admitted that 'confusion' still prevailed and that the workers were 'far from satisfied'. It was not the party's intention to overcome difficulties by the use of police and military force; its objective was to 'regain the confidence of the people by political persuasion'. The party, he went on, had not the 'least idea' of 'avenging itself' on those who had taken part in the demonstrations; the 'overwhelming majority' of those arrested would be speedily released for return to work. The ringleaders, however, could expect no clemency. Ulbricht, in his statement at a Berlin machine-building works, was quoted by Berlin radio as saying that there would be important changes in the economic plan. He spoke of the need for greater numbers of scientists and engineers: provided they did their jobs, he did not care if they held 'retrogressive views' in other fields.

On June 22, Berlin radio broadcast hourly the statement by the Party Central Committee, on what was called the 'June revolt', which it blamed on western provocateurs and enemy agents dropped by parachute from foreign aircraft. Adenauer was among those who, 'with the foreign warmongers', bore full responsibility for 'the bloodshed in quelling the fascist adventure'. The statement went on:

The timely intervention of broad sections of the people, heroically supported by the People's Police, and the intervention of the Soviet Occupying Power . . . brought about the ignominious end, within twenty-four hours, of the vile plot against the Democratic Republic, against Germany, and against world peace.

The statement went on to say that 'a great number of provocateurs' had been arrested, but 'calm has by no means been ensured definitely. The enemy continues his undermining activities'. An earlier broadcast, quoting *Neues Deutschland*, said that nobody should fall for the 'fascist slogan insisting on the release of so-called political prisoners'.

Moscow and satellite comment on the revolt followed the line set by a *Pravda* leader entitled 'The Failure of the Foreign Hirelings' Adventure in Berlin', which linked the 'provocations' in Berlin—allegedly long and carefully planned by 'reactionary circles of the Western Powers'—with the 'provocations of the Syngman Rhee clique in South Korea'. A Prague broadcast, embroidering on this theme, said that those who feared peace in Korea wanted to employ 'the Berlin provocation' so as to transfer the Korean war to Germany. A Polish transmission claimed that Syngman Rhee, 'that old agent of the U.S. Secret Service', had co-ordinated his particular 'provocation' with that engineered by 'foreign agents and Nazi hooligans from west Berlin'. A Hungarian broadcast, quoting *Szabad Nep*, though not referring to the east German revolt, admitted that the party in Hungary did not pay sufficient attention to the just needs of the workers.

A statement by the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, M. Kardelj, on June 28, said that the demonstrations in east Germany and Czechoslovakia marked 'the end of Russian hegemony in the field of international socialism'. Many western commentators continued to pay tribute to the courage of the workers of eastern Germany in staging the revolt and emphasised that the hatred of the Communist regime which led them to demonstrate against it was shared by peoples in all the satellite countries who were not so fortunately placed geographically to take such action.

Did You Hear That?

AN ANCIENT RIVER-TRADE

'JUST BELOW the garden wall of our house in Worcester are moored some old, solid, square-bowed boats. These belong to the eel-catchers', said D. J. B. McTURK in a talk in the Midland Home Service. 'Theirs is one of the oldest of trades; and when you hear them talk you wonder how they can possibly be city folk. Their lore stretches further back than city walls or brick buildings, right into ancient England. Long before Roman or Anglo or Saxon, the silver eel was invading the estuaries of these islands; and it was men such as these who awaited it. They who move across our lawn by torchlight in the dark, on rainy spring evenings; you see their lights moving swiftly and jerkily as they collect lob worms for their bait. They thread them, a dozen at a time, on to withy sticks, and plug the stick into the traps with a wadding of straw. They watch the river banks to see where the willow is growing, or if a fisherman has left a forked stick which has taken root. They will be on to it if he has, for they will make baskets of it to use themselves. They do not make their living by this any longer, for netting was their most effective method and, after a struggle of more than 300 years, the nets were finally forbidden in 1929; but one of our neighbours was telling me that he can still make them fit to hold anything from a mosquito to a lion.

'April and May are perhaps their favourite months for trapping, though it was the dark autumn nights below the weir that were best for the nets, for the eels will face the weir itself only by daylight. The baskets have to be heavily soaked before they will rest on the river-bed, and only if the water is fairly thick are they baited with worms. At other times a fish bait is best—gudgeon, or small rudd. It was this that brought in a good catch not long ago—thirty-six pounds from eight baskets. And when there is a steady demand for them at 2s. a pound you can see that it was a profitable night's work. The heaviest eel in this bag was three-and-a-half pounds; but I know of one of five-and-a-quarter.

'How do the experts cook an eel? It is a simple job, and they have a great liking for it, for they swear that the eel is the cleanest fish that swims. Cut it into two-inch lengths, boil it with chopped parsley, let it simmer for twenty minutes, and there you are. The lampreys that they sometimes find in the traps present a bit more of a problem: they have to be opened three times and the third cut, they say, is to let out the poison. They are good eating, too, but we are none of us awfully keen about them here. A King of England lies buried nearby, and though it was said to be peaches that accelerated his arrival there, I am always inclined to regard him as a warning'.

TRAVELLER'S TALE

'The forest of British Guiana is quite unlike the usual conception of tropical forests', said AUDREY BUTT, in 'The Eye-witness'. 'It is not jungle: it is cool and dim with endless columns of lofty trees. Flowers, fruits, insects, and birds flourish out of sight in a dense canopy of foliage far overhead. Down below, the ground is covered with dead leaves, and fallen seeds and blossoms, and with a network of tree roots and saplings. It is not difficult forest to penetrate.

'The Akawaio Indians, among whom I have just spent a year, have their gardens in warm, sunny clearings, and here they grow large quantities of cassava, the root which provides their staple food, cassava

bread. They also grow corn and sugar cane, yams, bananas, and plantains. While the women garden, the men hunt in the forest for deer, tapir, wild hog, and smaller animals and birds. Years ago they used bows and arrows, and blow-pipes and darts. Some of them still do, but most use guns if they have them. They are excellent trackers, these Akawaio Indians, but they do not eat much meat, for game in this area is not plentiful. In several days' travelling in the forests and along the rivers, I used to think myself lucky if I saw much more than a few birds, the occasional butterfly, and colonies of ants.

'One way the Indians get their fish is to poison shallow pools in the headwaters of the rivers. A number of families get together for these fishing expeditions, and I took part in many of them. We spent the days canoeing, and at night we slept in the forest on the banks of the river, slinging our hammocks between the trees and lighting fires for warmth. In the rainy season, the Indians rig up temporary shelters and thatch them with leaves. I remember a surprise rainstorm that came at dusk and lasted all night. About fifteen Indians and I crowded into a small shelter, about ten feet by five, with a fire in the middle. The original occupants made room for us, quite good-humouredly, and hammocks were slung all over the place, one above the other. I saw one hammock—and not the biggest of them at that—containing a man, his wife, two children, and a baby. Arms, legs, feet, and heads seemed to be sticking out in all directions. In spite of the crush, this was one of the most comfortable nights I have ever spent, high and dry in my hammock, with the fire warming my back, and the rain swilling down outside.

'From time to time there is a lull in the garden work, and when there is a good supply of fish and meat and cassava bread in hand, the families of one area, with their guests, gather in the village settlement for a spree. For several days there is feasting and drinking, gossiping, dancing, and singing. These celebrations have a religious character, too, for the dancing and singing form part of the prayers to "Papa kapo", "Grandfather in the sky".

FRATERNITIES MADE PLAIN

'Fraternities have grown to hold an extremely important place in American college life', said F. HARRIS BORDEN in a talk in the Home Service. 'Phi Beta Kappa was the first and perhaps most significant fraternity. It was founded at the southern college of William and Mary in the time of the American Revolution of 1776. But the first fraternity as we know it today started at Union College in 1825, as Kappa Alpha.

'The principal ideas behind these fraternities were originally connected with the advance of the arts and scholarship. But now the lesser qualification of friendship has tended to take first place. In a little over a century the movement has grown so that some fraternities now have more than 100 chapters scattered over the United States and Canada. Most chapters now average forty or fifty members, ten to twenty of whom are known as "pledges" or uninitiated members, and the remainder as "brothers".

'The fifty or so men of each chapter live together in one large house, eat their meals together, and organise their social activities as a group—and the fraternity activities are numerous. A man is usually pledged to a house some time in the first month of his freshman year, but he cannot be initiated as a full member of the fraternity until after he



A Severn fisherman setting his eel traps

has taken the mid-year examinations. Most colleges have a scholarship cup for the fraternity with the highest average marks, and this helps to emphasise the scholastic side of university life.

'To live actually in a fraternity house is a treat usually reserved for men in their junior and senior years—the last two years of college life. A pledge's life is not nearly as happy as a brother's, so that there is plenty of incentive for a pledge to fulfil any obligations imposed on him. The pledging itself usually takes place during one week by all the fraternities on one campus. This is known as "Rush Week" and it is a pleasant and exhilarating time for the freshman. The formal procedure for "rushing" is for two or more brothers who are on a "Rushing Committee" to visit a freshman student in his rooms and talk to him about inconsequential things. After ten or fifteen minutes, if the initial impression is satisfactory, they will suggest that the student come to dinner at their house. On the last day of the week, the pledge makes his choice of fraternity, which is deposited in writing in a large ballot box. Once the initial pledgship is over and the pledge has had time to meet his fellow neophytes, he finds that college life, and particularly fraternity life, is not the bowl of cherries he had at first anticipated, for large fraternity houses need a great deal of care and maintenance.

'Shortly after the mid-year examinations a week is set aside for initiation. This week is popularly known as "Hell Week". The general idea is to make the cleavage between pledge and brother as deep and as sharp as possible, so that when the beleaguered pledge at last becomes a brother, it is with the same spring and step as a racehorse who has left his weighted shoes behind him. The preliminary phase of this august occasion is known as "hazing" and is a factor which has long been detrimental to fraternities; for the antics performed on, by, and to prospective pledges have had, in many instances, tragic results. Vigorous protests by university authorities in recent years have done much to lessen the severity of initiations.

'Fraternities hold social advantages for their members. They impose closer ties than the more casual friendships arising where fraternities do not exist. A fraternity frequently gives its members a social assurance which can be a great help to an otherwise shy and awkward boy. However, fraternities owe their continued existence not only to these material benefits, but to psychological ones as well. The first and obvious one is esteem. You are a member of a fraternity; so you have the backing of a socially recognised group. But, I think, a more complex reason is the desire for the esoteric. You undergo mysterious rites of initiation and you emerge a proven warrior, a man, a blood brother to a host of similar people'.

FIT FOR A QUEEN

'In the rather unexpected surroundings of a railway station in Battersea', said IVOR JONES in 'The Eye-witness', 'there are four royal carriages, built during the past 100 years or so for the journeys of British Sovereigns, once the most luxurious coaches of their kind. They are part of British Transport's exhibition, "Royal Journey". In them have stayed and slept at least nine kings and queens. As well as having this distinction, they are also a part of railway history: they show, in detail, how the idea of what is luxurious in travel has changed over the past century and more.

'The oldest of the carriages, or coaches, was built for the Dowager

Queen Adelaide in 1842. The historians of the British Transport Commission say it is the first known sleeping car ever made. It looks like two-and-a-half magnificent stage coaches compressed into one. It has all the gleaming, varnished panelling, the gilt lining, and ornate crests of some nineteenth-century flyer. The seats are rather like those of some older first-class carriages still in use, and the ladies in waiting had to walk along a footboard outside the carriage to reach the royal compartment. There is no evidence that they ever did this when the train was moving.

'The carriage used by Queen Victoria dates from 1869. Then, it was in fact, two carriages, joined by the first bellows gangway ever devised. The bedroom is still furnished as it was in the great Queen's day. Its walls are quilted in red chintz, and the ceiling is in white silk. There are two beds, apparently done in brass. At the foot of each bed is a little basket for holding knick-knacks. The day-saloon's walls are lined with royal-blue, watered silk, and its curtains are ornamented with bobble fringes, tassels, and sashes. There seems to be gilt carving everywhere, and the vast elaborate lamp-stands have shades of silk and lace that look for all the world like crinolines. This compartment, in fact, is every inch a period piece.

'The remaining two carriages look much more modern. They were built first for King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra; altered for George V and Queen Mary, and finally used by the late King George VI and the Queen Mother early in the last war. Their decoration, at

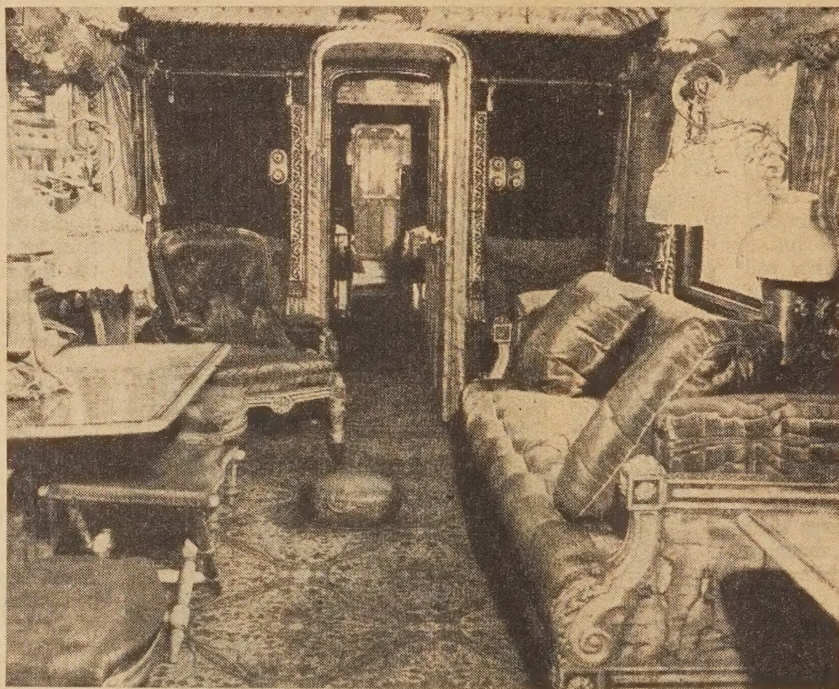
the suggestion of Edward VII, is very like that of a Royal Yacht. In what was his carriage there is a smoke-room with masculine-looking chairs in green leather. There are silver-plated beds, and sofas so deeply upholstered that it takes seconds finally to sink into them'.

A ROMAN STOREHOUSE

In the third century a Roman fort which stood on a hill near the mouth of the Tyne at a town now known as South Shields was the most northerly fort in the whole Roman Empire. It was a storehouse, a series of barns in which a tremendous stockpile was created—enough to supply 50,000 men for six months. The site of this ancient fort has now been restored and a new museum has been set up there. ARTHUR APPLETON described in 'Radio Newsreel' how the site came to be discovered.

'It was when the area was being cleared for housing in 1875', he said, 'that excavations for the Roman remains really started. Local interest in the discoveries was great, and a group of the most important buildings was enclosed in iron railings. They remained enclosed until 1940 when the railings were removed. After the war, a group of ex-servicemen drew public attention to the state of the site, and the conservation and development of it was put into the hands of Professor Richmond, at King's College, who, after some four years of work, has brought it to its present fine condition. The recent excavations and those of 1875 produced many interesting objects, and these are now on show in the museum.

'The museum itself is the first permanent building of its kind to be built in the country since the war. One of the remarkable tombstones preserved there is to Regina, a Briton from the south, once a slave, then freed by her master, a Syrian from Palmyra who was a trader outside the fort. He married her, and her tombstone shows her sitting with her jewel box and sewing basket'.



The day-saloon in the royal railway-coach used by Queen Victoria

Constitution-Making in Pakistan

By W. H. MORRIS-JONES

WHEN the Governor-General of Pakistan dismissed his Prime Minister last April and called on Mr. Mohammed Ali to form a government, the question was immediately raised as to whether the action was constitutional or not. The incident was a reminder that Pakistan's constitution is still based on the old constitution of undivided India; it remains only a slightly modified version of India's pre-war constitution, passed as an Act of the British Parliament in 1935. When India and Pakistan became independent, in 1947, at rather short notice, there was no time for them to work out and draft new constitutions. They simply adapted the law which the British left behind: it was mainly a question of removing those sections which expressed subordination to London. But it was clearly no more than a temporary arrangement.

Other Things to Think About

The old fittings which a departing owner sometimes hands over with a house are often useful, but they will be thrown away as soon as the new residents can replace them with something of their own. Moreover, the 1935 Act had a bad reputation with Indian political leaders; it was regarded as a shabby affair, not quite the genuine democratic article. India hurried to prepare her new constitution, and the work was completed in 1949. For various reasons Pakistan has taken her time. She has had several more urgent tasks to attend to—including a huge refugee rehabilitation programme—and the limited number of her top-rank politicians and civil servants have had to devote their main energies to the day-to-day business of government. Also, there has not been much popular agitation for a new constitution; the people, too, have had other things to think about. But everyone has known that sooner or later the job would have to be tackled, and in fact quiet, preparatory discussion in parliamentary committees has been going on ever since 1947. Some months ago, a decisive stage was reached with the publication of what is in effect a first draft of a new Pakistan constitution.

In this country we have had little direct experience of what is entailed in making a constitution; though we came very close to it in Cromwell's time. Some of our political thinkers have exercised a general influence on foreign constitutions, as John Locke did on that of the United States; and some, again, have had the audacity to draw up constitutional blueprints for other nations. It is true, too, that some of our institutions have inspired more or less conscious imitation abroad. Above all, perhaps, it is true that we have been forced into constitution-making for the political development of the colonies. But we have never had to sit down and agree on a constitution for Britain. The rules—legal or conventional—which govern our political affairs are usually changed one by one and gradually. So we are inclined to be patronisingly astonished at the troubles other people seem to create for themselves. This patronising attitude of ours, even if it is not quite as infuriating as the attitude of the bachelor or spinster who knows all about bringing up children, is still rather out of place. Most countries, as a consequence of internal upheaval or invasion from outside, have had to make fresh starts, to draw up new rules expressing new ideas. A newly created nation such as Pakistan is under the same necessity.

Some of Pakistan's constitutional problems are similar to those of India, and her solutions, like India's, will embody many of the features of the 1935 Act, her present temporary structure. The size of the country and the variety of peoples composing the nation make it probable that a federal form of state will continue. This implies a division of subjects between central and unit governments, rules to govern the working arrangements between the two, and a Supreme Court to decide disputes. Again, the political experience of Pakistan's leaders, both before and since independence, has been experience of cabinet and parliamentary government; so these features too will be carried over into the future—with the addition of complete adult franchise. For similar reasons, prominent portions of the new draft scheme are devoted to ensuring an independent judiciary and a permanent and non-political civil service.

In one respect Pakistan's job is easier than India's. To make a coherent

Indian federation, some hundreds of princely states, including such powerful units as Hyderabad and Travancore, had to be welded together with the provinces. Pakistan consists, more simply, of ten units; though there is certainly variety among them. The four former provinces, with Karachi, the federal capital, as a separate unit, contain the bulk of the population. There are only three princely states, none of them very strong; and it has not been very difficult to bring them together under effective central control. But they remain in many respects backward areas, politically and administratively, they are certainly much less mature than the rest of the country. This is even more true of the tribal areas adjoining Afghanistan, and of Baluchistan, stretching up to the Persian frontier. The delay in making a new constitution will at least have given these areas a chance to catch up a little with their neighbours.

But Pakistan's two main constitutional problems are peculiar to herself. The first is partly a consequence of simple geography. East Bengal is separated from western Pakistan by over 1,000 miles of Indian territory, and so far air travel has been the only easy method of communication. Obviously this does not make national integration readily attainable. Over and above this, the people of east Bengal are aware not only of their geographical separateness but also of their distinctive cultural and economic life. They share their language, music, and literature with their Bengali neighbours across the Indian frontier. There is a land of rivers and paddy fields, giving fish and rice as staple foods and jute as the cash crop—an area as different as possible from the dry wheatlands and deserts of western Pakistan. The people of east Bengal are not merely very separate and very distinct; they happen also to be a majority of Pakistan's population. This situation colours Pakistan's political life in several ways. Bengal watches closely to see that she is not neglected in the plans prepared by the central government at Karachi. The distribution of portfolios in the central cabinet—and perhaps of key appointments in the public services—must be arranged with care if accusations of overlooking, or favouring, east Bengal are to be avoided. There may already be something like a convention that either the Prime Minister or the Governor-General must hail from eastern Pakistan. Bengal would almost certainly have been very upset if Mr. Nazimuddin had not been replaced as Prime Minister by another Bengali.

For the constitution-makers, too, this position sets some tricky problems. East Bengal is only one unit, but its population and perhaps even its economic importance is as great as that of the others put together. How is this to be reflected in the constitution? Some years ago, a suggestion was made from east Bengal that Pakistan would have to invent a new kind of federal structure, with three tiers instead of two. Powers of government would be divided between centre and units, with an intermediate regional level; and east Bengal was to be not merely one unit among ten with the same powers as the other, but also one of the two regions, west and east Pakistan.

Draft Recommendations

This method of expressing east Bengal's special position has not been adopted in the draft recommendations so far put forward. Perhaps it was thought that the inclusion of a third layer of institutions would be too elaborate and cumbersome. Instead, there are special provisions about the allocation of seats in the two proposed chambers of the central parliament. In each chamber east Bengal would be guaranteed half the total number of seats. In the public discussions which have taken place during the past few months, this solution has been open to fire from both sides. It does not seem to satisfy Bengali opinion, which desires both greater autonomy and more influence. And it has occasioned some resentment in west Pakistan, where there is real or pretended fear of Bengali domination. Punjab in particular—that wealthy, energetic, even pushful, favoured province of pre-war days—finds its allocation of less than one-quarter of the parliamentary seats a bitter pill to swallow. It is too early yet to say who will win this tug-of-war.

Compared with that fairly straightforward tussle of clearly defined interests, Pakistan's second source of constitutional problems is vaguer

and more intangible. When Pakistan, along with other members of the Commonwealth, had to decide last year on the title by which the Queen would be known in Pakistan, the familiar words 'Defender of the Faith' were omitted in her version. This was not surprising. Pakistan is not merely a country with a large majority of Muslim citizens; it came into being precisely in order to be a Muslim home-land on the sub-continent. What the constitution-makers have to decide is whether a Muslim homeland means an Islamic state, and, if so, what that really implies.

A Theocratic State?

In 1949 the Constituent Assembly (or parliament) of Pakistan passed an Objectives Resolution setting out the general purposes the constitution was to serve. This resolution, issued 'in the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful', described the authority of the State of Pakistan as 'a sacred trust delegated by God Almighty'. It went on to say, among other things, that the constitution should embody 'the principles of democracy, freedom, equality, tolerance, and social justice as enunciated by Islam'; it should also be designed to enable the Muslims 'to order their lives in the individual and collective spheres in accord with the teachings and requirements of Islam'. The minority groups were assured that the constitution would make 'adequate provision for them freely to profess and practise their religions and develop their cultures'; at the same time many people inside and outside Pakistan wondered whether these phrases could mean that Pakistan would become a theocratic state.

Mr. Jinnah, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, and the present Governor-General have repeatedly said that this is not a possible development. Theocracy in the literal sense of the word—government by a priestly class—is in any case most unlikely. But a general increase in theocratic influence is possible; and that is enough to disturb not only Hindus and Christians but also many Muslims themselves. That is why certain features of the present draft proposals have caused anxiety. This anxiety is not occasioned principally by the section on proposed fundamental rights. These seem to guarantee a number of important individual freedoms. But even here the qualifications to which these guarantees are subject are rather sweeping; much will depend on how the judges interpret the law. Nor is it that the idea of Islamic democracy appears to have imposed any peculiar pattern of government. There had earlier been some discussion of this point and a few leaders had claimed that certain Qur'anic texts pointed to the need for a directly elected, powerful, single head of the state; they argued, therefore, that the American presidential form of government was more Islamic than the British cabinet model. This kind of argument came in for much criticism; Mr. Brohi, the Advocate-General of Sind (now, incidentally, one of the new members of the Pakistan Government) went so far as to offer a prize of 5,000 rupees to anyone who could produce a Qur'anic text which gave a clear statement of what a constitution should contain. In the event, it is a cabinet form of government that is proposed in the present draft.

But there has to be a head of the state standing, at least formally, over the cabinet and Prime Minister. As long as Pakistan remains a Dominion, this is the Governor-General appointed, on Pakistan's advice, by the Queen. But the draft of the new constitution appears to envisage a republic, for the Head of the State is to be elected by the federal parliament. What is more interesting from the viewpoint of Islamic influences on the constitution is the provision that the Head of the State must be a Muslim. This proposal has been widely criticised. It is not that the minority communities would normally expect to see a Hindu or a Christian in that position; rather, it seems that the state is determined that minorities, however well treated, shall always be aware of being minorities. The same point applies to the provision of separate electoral rolls for each minority to choose its allocation for members of parliament. Pakistan's leaders who supported this device as a protection for the Muslim minority in pre-partition India could not easily abandon it now that they are a majority. But many Hindus and Christians would prefer to do without this special protection if that would help them to be regarded simply as citizens rather than as a distinct and separate group.

The fact that Pakistan is a Muslim state is also evident from a glance at the Directive Principles of State Policy which it is proposed the constitution should contain. Like those in the Indian constitution, these principles are not to be enforced by the courts but are merely to guide successive governments. They seem to envisage many state-sponsored activities designed to keep Muslims on the Islamic way of life. For Muslims the teaching of the Qur'an is to be made compulsory;

'un-Islamic feelings' are to be discouraged and the 'requirements of the Islamic ideology' are to be 'kept foremost in their minds'. More ambiguous and perhaps more important is the statement that 'existing laws should be brought into conformity with Islamic principles'.

But the most unusual and startling part of the proposed constitution—a part criticised more by Muslims than by anyone else—is a section which provides machinery to prevent the passing of any legislation repugnant to the Qur'an and the Sunnah. If this is put into effect, the Head of the State will have to appoint boards of 'persons well-versed in Islamic laws', charged with the task of reviewing central and state legislation. This review would not be automatic, but it would come into operation as soon as any one Muslim member of a legislature took objection to any bill on the ground that it was repugnant to the Qur'an. Nor would these boards exercise a veto power, for the last word would rest with the legislators; but a Muslim legislature will think twice before rejecting the advice of the divines. In any case, this procedure certainly makes it easier for the religious leaders to set themselves up as a kind of third house of parliament. Meanwhile, the debate goes on. Perhaps more than a debate; for criticism of these proposals was followed by riots directed against one of the more liberal Muslim sects.

Of course, the words of a constitutional document are not everything; the skeleton has to be clothed. It is the general atmosphere of political life in Pakistan which will determine the quality and tone of her outstanding attempt to combine an Islamic way of life with the institutions of western democracy. The key question is at bottom very simple. Religious doctrine is a matter of truth and error; democracy is an affair of discussion and compromise, which depends for its success on the adjustment of conflicting interests and the partial surrender of points of view. The marriage of the two is unlikely to be easy; if it is to work, there has to be some degree of separation of spheres. The intolerance of error which is appropriate to the religious seminary is disastrous when imported into the market-place of politics. And it must be said that it is unfortunate that the leaders of the dominant political party of Pakistan, the Muslim League, have so far displayed so much intolerance towards opposition; the other side is wrong, a threat to unity, and probably treacherous. The new ministry, less bound by party ties, may gradually be able to encourage a constructive opposition. Such development will not weaken government but strengthen it; for the alternative to constructive opposition is not the zeal and enthusiasm of unity but the corroding atmosphere of uncanalised discontent.

Yet all this is not to say that the constitutional document itself is without importance. In Britain we might be inclined to think so; but the Americans or the French would be able to tell Pakistan that making a constitution can be a decisive process. It may be only the point from which the journey begins—but it can also indicate the route.

—Third Programme

The Mark

If, doubtful of your fate,
You seek to obliterate
And to forget
The simple mark I set
In the warm blue-veined nook
Of your elbow-crook,
How can you not repent
The experiment?

No knife nor fang went in
To lacerate the skin;
Nor may the eye
Tetter or wen descry:
The place which my lips pressed
Is coloured like the rest
And fed by the same blood
Of womanhood.

Acid, pumice-stone,
Lancings to the bone,
Would be in vain.
Here must the mark remain
As witness to such love
As nothing can remove
Or blur, or hide,
But suicide.

ROBERT GRAVES

Political Tension in Nigeria

By ERNEST IKOLI

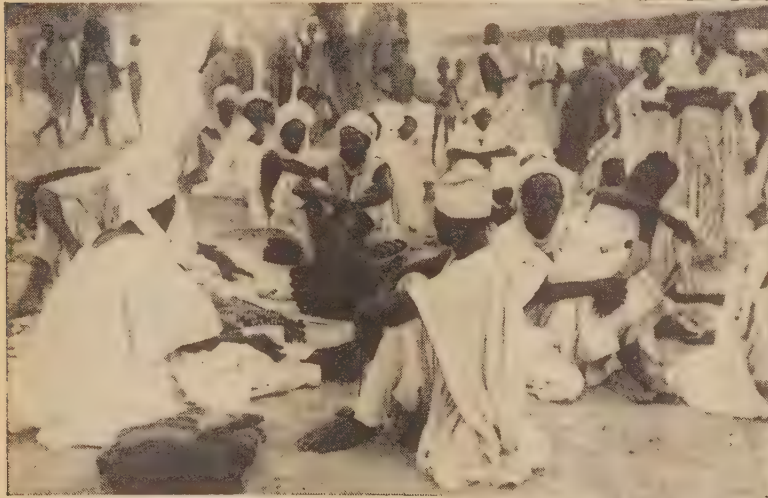
NIGERIA has lately been much in the world news. This is, of course, because of the political tension that now exists in the country. It is a pity it could not have been for a better reason. To many Nigerians it has been—shall I say, rather galling?—certainly disappointing—to encounter in the United Kingdom so much ignorance of Nigerian affairs. And if I add indifference to ignorance, I hope you will not think me bitter.

According to local opinion, this is the first time that Nigeria has been faced with such a grave situation since our connection with Britain. And how did it all happen? It is a rather complicated story, and it is not easy to give a clear, true picture of events here to overseas listeners—certainly to anyone who has previously had little or no knowledge of the country. But let me do my best to put you in the picture as far as I can. Perhaps I had better start with a description of the country itself.

Nigeria is a vast territory, about four times the size of the United Kingdom. And it has a population of well over 30,000,000. But what we know as Nigeria today has not always



Meeting of the Nigerian Council of Ministers at Lagos, 1952



Mohammedans in the cloth market at Sokoto.
Right: aerial view of Lagos

existed as such. It is made up of many different peoples, speaking many different tongues, and having many different social and religious traditions. These various peoples were gradually brought together by the British, until, by 1914, they had been fused into two large blocks—southern Nigeria and northern Nigeria. And it was not until 1914 that these two large blocks were finally amalgamated into a single unit.

But even after the 1914 amalgamation, southern and northern Nigeria were not governed under an identical system. For many years, southern Nigeria had a legislative council on which there was unofficial representation—while the north was governed directly by the Governor, by means of official decrees. That was the position until 1947, when constitutional reforms were introduced which brought northern Nigeria into line with the

south. A common legislative council was established for both territories. And, for the first time, unofficial representatives from the north took their place in a common legislature which exercised authority over the country as a whole. So that 1947 might be regarded as the starting point of a really united Nigeria. Before this, for administrative convenience, a policy of decentralisation had been initiated; and the country was divided into three regions—north, east, and west. Under the new arrangement, there was not only a central legislature to which representatives were sent from all the three regions: in addition, provision was made for the establishment of regional assemblies, with limited legislative powers. Then, in 1950—only three years later—the country embarked on further reforms, this time on a more ambitious scale. A new constitution was framed, and clothed with all the paraphernalia of



modern parliamentary democracy. From the regional assemblies members are drawn to the House of Representatives, which is the central legislative body. At the top is a 'cabinet' called the Council of Ministers, which consists of the Governor, six senior British officials, and twelve ministers—four from each region—who are in charge of the various portfolios. There is one interesting point I must make about the House of Representatives: in it, the northern region alone commands half the seats—as many seats as the east and west combined. This naturally gives the north a strong position, and the other two regions make no secret of their resentment against this arrangement. But, to the credit of the north, it must be said that at no time has it used this majority in an unworthy manner.

A Gigantic Experiment

This then, was the new constitution—a gigantic experiment—launched in January, 1952. But before it was launched, a number of sober-minded Nigerians were viewing it with less hope than fear: fear that the time was not ripe for such an experiment, and that events were moving too fast. But during the first few months of the new constitution, that fear was lulled. And in March, 1952, the Governor was able to open the budget session of the House of Representatives with a cheerful and optimistic speech. In it, he paid tribute to the work of the ministers, and expressed his pleasure in their co-operative spirit. At the same time, however, he warned the House that it was at the centre that the constitution had to meet its severest test. And events have proved how right he was. It is from the centre that the troubles originated which now threaten the whole structure with collapse.

It is true there have been a number of minor incidents in the regions which have led to bitternesses and internal problems. Most serious of them was undoubtedly the split in the Eastern House of Assembly. Earlier this year, quarrels and dissensions arose there out of purely internal party squabbles. Later they became important enough to affect the regional executive, and to render the work of government impossible in that region. So that finally the Regional House was dissolved. All of which was serious: and yet, in the light of the present grave crisis, it can only be regarded as a minor incident, which is unconnected with that crisis, and which has in no way contributed to it. The origin of the crisis we are all now facing is in the centre: in the House of Representatives and in the Council of Ministers. And the apple of discord is the famous motion for self-government in 1956, which was tabled in the House of Representatives in March. It has become clear that on this subject—and especially on the target date of 1956—there are sharp differences of views, not only in the House of Representatives, but in the Council of Ministers itself. There is also evidence that in the Council of Ministers there has been a clash of personalities. But no clash of personalities can obscure the main issue: and that issue lies clearly between those ministers who, with their supporters, demand a free debate on the motion of self-government in 1956, and their opponents, who wish to shelve the motion. The latter are mainly the members from the northern region, who are often called the northern bloc—although there exists a lively and vocal opposition to that bloc in the north itself.

The argument of the northern bloc—whose mouthpiece is the Sardauna of Sokoto, the prominent leader of the Northern People's Congress—amounts to this: the north, whose population is overwhelmingly Mohammedan, started late in the race for western education, as compared with the western and eastern regions. These had had an earlier start, through the work of European Christian missionaries. The north, in other words, has considerable leeway to make up in the realm of education, without which it can hardly hope to hold its own if the intricacies of self-government were introduced before the north was ready; the latter would inevitably be compelled to take a back seat in national activities. This they are unwilling to contemplate.

Meantime, in the south, we have witnessed a remarkable coalition on the self-government issue. The two principal party leaders in the west and east are Mr. Obafemi Awolowo and Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe. Mr. Awolowo is leader of the Action Group, whose slogan is 'Life more abundant'. Dr. Azikiwe is leader of the National Council for Nigeria and the Cameroons—better known as the N.C.N.C.—whose battlecry is 'One Nigeria'. For a long time they have been bitter antagonists, but on the issue of self-government they have at last been drawn together. Their long-standing enmity is apparently ended, and they have ranged themselves together against that section of the north which is represented by the Sardauna of Sokoto and the Northern People's Congress—and anyone else who thinks like them.

There, then, is the cleavage brought about by the motion for self-government in 1956. And since the rift appeared, everything that has happened so far has only tended to widen it. Four of the central ministers resigned. And the manner of their resignation led the Governor to accuse two of them of having disclosed 'cabinet' secrets. The Governor's accusation was followed hard upon by a rather sharp rejoinder from the two ministers concerned. And they had the full support of the Action Group, the dominant party in the west, to which they belong. That became clear when the Action Group refused to return to the centre anyone but the two men to whom the Governor takes exception. Spokesmen of the northern bloc openly expressed their disapproval of Action Group policy in this matter. And their outspokenness produced bitter resentment in Action Group circles of what the latter considered to be interference in their affairs. Then came the last straw. The Northern House of Assembly passed a resolution which was virtually tantamount to secession of the north from the rest of the country. If that secession took place, Nigeria would be back to the position of 1914, from the point of view of unity, at least. And the hopes of those idealists who have worked for forty years towards the unification of a complex nation would be dashed, perhaps for ever.

Can a solution be found? That is the question on everybody's lips, and in the hearts of those Nigerians to whom the future of their country means more than personal political ambition. When the Secretary of State for the Colonies invited political leaders to a conference in London, it looked as though a solution might be imminent. There was at least a ray of hope. But both Awolowo and Azikiwe declined the invitation, on the grounds that the wrong people had been invited, and that the conference's aims were not far-reaching enough. The Governor asked them to reconsider their reply. And now, after days of discussion, they have presented identical letters stating the conditions on which they might be prepared to accept the Colonial Secretary's invitation. Whether those conditions will be accepted remains to be seen. In the meantime, a puzzled public in Nigeria just looks on, hoping against hope that good will emerge.—*Home Service*

Recent events in Kenya and the Union have shown once again that the impact of western civilisation upon the lives of African natives has created many grave problems. *Survey of African Marriage and Family Life*, edited by Arthur Phillips (published by the Oxford University Press for the International African Institute, 45s.), deals with one of the less publicised problems, which, however, is perhaps more fundamental than even those of land or the franchise. As Mr. Phillips remarks, quoting his terms of reference, 'The family is the most significant feature of African society, and the process of disintegration is nowhere more apparent than in this central institution. The orderly development of African life will depend in large measure upon the successful maintenance of the solidarity of the family unit in the course of the modification of its role under modern conditions'. Almost everywhere marriage is now governed by three distinct and often conflicting sets of laws (statutory, church, and customary); marriages have also tended to become more unstable, irregular unions are fairly common, illegitimacy is widespread, and disregard for parental authority is conspicuous in some regions. The International Missionary Council and other interested bodies, understandably disturbed by all this, decided a few years ago to institute a comprehensive inquiry into the present position, with a view to ascertaining what reforms are desirable and possible. The findings, based very largely upon available documentary evidence, are contained in this book. Dr. Lucy Mair describes the traditional and present-day forms of marriage and the family, Mr. Phillips discusses government legislation and administrative action, and the Rev. Lyndon Harries reviews missionary attitudes and policies. Mr. Phillips also has an essay integrating the conclusions of the individual contributions.

Administrations, on the whole, have not tried to legislate against polygamy (with the notable recent exception of the Belgian Congo). But monogamy is a binding obligation for all people who marry under the civil law, which usually also contains provisions about divorce and inheritance that conflict with traditional usage. There has been much more intervention in regard to such matters as infant betrothal and other forms of forced marriage, including the 'inheritance' of widows, and some ill-judged attempts have also been made to limit the amount of bride-price. These are only some of the many controversial topics with which the book deals. The authors do not themselves suggest any remedies (that was not called for in their terms of reference), but by directing attention to the many anomalies in government and missionary policy, and by frequent reference to the confused attitudes of the Africans themselves, they have succeeded admirably in defining the problems that must be solved. The book is an outstanding contribution to the understanding of present-day social conditions in Africa. To the serious student of race relations and culture contacts in Africa it will be as indispensable as Lord Hailey's famous *Survey*.

Can Weather Experts Help Our Crops?

By LIONEL P. SMITH

THERE have been many unkind things said about weather in Britain, but, as a matter of fact, to grow things in, or to breed good livestock, or even to live in, it is not at all bad. For example, it is often cynically said that we have weather but no climate, and there is more than a germ of truth in this statement. The reason for this is that our weather is variable, sometimes bewilderingly variable, but it is, on the other hand, fairly equable; that is to say, it is temperate in the correct sense, both in time and place. For instance, the difference between a cold winter in London and a mild winter in London is greater than the difference between a winter on the south coast of England and on the north coast of Scotland in the same year. The seasons themselves are not extreme, for our mildest winter day can be warmer than our coldest summer day, and often we speak of days in spring as being as warm as summer. This of course is partly an illusion, because after a period of cold damp weather the change to milder air, with plenty of sun, little wind and also possibly a rising barometer, gives a human being an exaggerated feeling of warmth and well-being. Similarly, the first cold day in autumn always feels colder than it actually is, for with the same conditions in spring you would probably be walking around without an overcoat.

Agreeable Variation

Even so, leaving aside these rather inaccurate human assessments, the British weather does vary, and it is probably its very variation which makes it so attractive. An endless procession of calm sunny days can be very boring or even demoralising. It is like strawberries and cream, which are delightful to eat now and again but could become sickening as an endless diet. In any case, apart from this the biological and ecological result of endless sun is a desert. A variation, then, or at least a variation between reasonable limits, is an asset and the weather of Britain rarely exceeds reasonable limits. It is because these limits are reasonable and disastrous extremes infrequent that we do not always realise how significant these variations may be. We are lulled into a state of false security: for example, because all our winters are not extremely cold we take poor precautions against the freezing of water pipes. On the other hand, we adopt a kind of stoical fatalism, for if the weather is good out of season, we say we shall have to pay for it later. The general public may ignore or accept the climate, but to the farmer and grower it is vital. Their life and fortune are a constant gamble with the chances of good or bad conditions.

One of the difficulties in assessing the climate, and indicating these variations, is the method of representing it. In the simplest form, which is the way we met it in the geography text books at school, we get a series of averages. Averages are attractive, especially to the juvenile mind. One of the first things a schoolboy does is to find his average position in form, or, more likely, his batting or bowling average. His batting average of, say, forty sounds very well, but it is not until his father points out that ten runs when they are needed are far more valuable than fifty when they are not, that the boy begins to see that the simplest figures do not always contain the whole truth. In meteorology, as far as rainfall is concerned, one inch of rain in the middle of a dry summer is far more use to a farmer than six inches in a wet December. So what we really need is not only an average but also the extent of the variations from this average, and, more especially, the variations with regard to fairly precise levels. These variations in British climate are not large, but they are still large enough to exceed the limits tolerated by a given crop. They certainly exceed the narrow limits for maximum growth of a main crop. The narrowness of these limits has, consciously or not, prompted the search for better varieties of seeds and better varieties of stock. It is true that the more apparent reason for this search has been a better product—better wheat, better wool, better milk, better meat—but even so most of the breeds and varieties are admirably suited to the variations of climate which they must endure.

The climate of Britain, then, helps to determine its crops, its husbandry, its livestock, and, some say, its very character: it represents

a perpetual challenge, never very easy, never very hard, but a challenge to the power to work and the need to think. It is never so easy to grow a crop that it need only be tended at seed time and at harvest, and even if a given type of crop rotation and method of agriculture is chosen correctly for a given area, the weather is never so perfect as to remove all worries from the farmer's mind, and yet it is never so persistently bad that it removes all hope and all faith. It is that hope and faith that the weather will play a reasonable part that enables the farmer to sow his seed—for, if the faith goes, agriculture dies, the country collapses.

Climate, then, helps to make the country and helps to make the man, but to reverse the picture, to what extent does man make or mar his climate? Is our climate, in fact, being changed? I am not discussing here long-term variations, for I know it is fascinating mental exercise to try to fit the minor climatic variations between the ice ages into a nice wavy pattern, using somewhat inadequate data to obtain a kind of jig-saw, and thence to find some logical reason. I am not going to bother you with sun-spots or receding glaciers, or even man-made deserts, whether of sand or of concrete. I am thinking on a much lower plane, not of world circulations but of the micro-climate within a few feet of the earth. This is the realm in which our crops grow, and most of our animals live, and is a realm which is by no means described in a standard text-book on climate. Everything that man does, whether by building, planting, or cultivation affects this micro-weather close to the earth's surface, and to a lesser extent this change near the surface is reflected in the general weather that you and I experience and that a climatological station measures.

For example, the presence of a huge city like London affects the temperatures, especially the night temperatures, over a large area—let alone the atmospheric impurities and the sunshine. Every building, every hedge, every tree affects the flow of wind over the ground, and the wind flow affects the temperature and humidity near the surface; in fact, it affects the climate of the crop. If you note where the earliest flowers are found it is generally in a sunny sheltered corner. If you note where the livestock collect in the driving rain, it is usually in the best shelter. Hedges are more than just picturesque parts of our landscape; they serve an important role in creating a correct growing climate, but apart from planned shelter belts and windbreaks, the small English fields, particularly in the west, are possibly an unconscious effect of man's action upon climate, and I want now to discuss a more conscious and deliberate effect, that is to say, the effect of watering or, on a large scale, the effect of irrigation.

Supplementing the Rainfall

It is not by chance that irrigation, or supplementing the rainfall, which is what it amounts to, is the commonest form of man's deliberate alteration of a crop climate. The real reason is that by far the greatest variations in our weather are in rainfall, both in place and in time. The average annual rainfall varies from twenty inches in Essex to nearly 200 inches in places like Snowdon, the Lake District, and Ben Nevis. A month can occur without a drop of measurable rain falling in one area, but, again, nine inches of rain can fall in a single night, as it did on Exmoor last August. But apart from these variations, the habit of quoting an annual average of rainfall is not very satisfactory as far as agriculture and horticulture are concerned. In the winter months the crops need little water and the main agricultural value of winter rain is to replenish the storage supplies in the ground which have been diminished during the summer. Once this has been done, the excess winter rain eventually finds its way out to sea via the drains, the streams, and the rivers. This excess winter rain emphasises the need for good drainage, because poorly drained land becomes water-logged, the roots of plants and trees are drowned, and the paradoxical state is reached where bad drainage in winter is coupled with early symptoms of drought in summer, there being no adequate depth of roots to help withstand the effects of drier weather. For maximum yields of crops we need adequate summer rain, and summer rain in fairly regular supply,

a state of affairs which does not occur often in many parts of Great Britain. The variations of rainfall in any one place by far exceed the tolerable variations for maximum cropping. Crops will do their best to grow under the handicap of many shortages, but the one thing no crop or animal can do without is water when it wants it. Hence, the practice of irrigation in various forms and on various scales.

The main problem about irrigating has always been when to irrigate and how much water to add, and it is important that plants should be watered before they show signs of needing water: when the initial symptoms of drought appear it is already too late, for although the crops can be saved it is unlikely that the maximum yield can be obtained after such a check. An old and experienced gardener, then, anticipates a water need, but his standard of judgment can be reached only after years of experience and cannot easily be communicated to others—and in any case it is possible that three experienced men would give three different answers to a specific watering problem. The scientists have not yet produced a reliable instrument which will give dependable readings in the field to tell us the water need and to tell us the existing state of available soil moisture.

A New Approach

A new approach was, therefore, needed—an approach which must be on a field scale and which need not give a meticulous laboratory answer, correct to several decimal places, but a working answer in a practical, simple way. Recently, owing to research work at Rothamsted, a new approach on these lines has been found and it has become possible to calculate the maximum water needs of a given crop in a given area in the open. The principle of the method is as follows: we want to find out how much water a crop is using by taking it out of the soil and evaporating it by transpiration into the air. To do this we find out how much energy is available to carry out the process. Such energy can only come from the sun, so that 'what happens to the water' becomes 'what happens to the sunshine'. The sunshine and incoming solar energy is used in various ways. Some is reflected at the surface of the earth; the proportion reflected at a green surface is roughly constant, which is very helpful, because we can then ignore the type of crop, provided it is green and covers most of the surface, and concentrate only on the area involved—so many acres. Some energy is re-radiated by the earth—the principal cause of the cooling by night; this is inevitable and the amount lost depends on the earth's temperature. Some energy heats the soil, some heats the air, and a very little helps to grow the plant. The remainder, almost forty per cent., is available to convert water into water vapour via the plant and this is called the potential transpiration.

The important practical aspect of this approach is that all the items in the energy balance sheet, except the potential transpiration, can be calculated or estimated from standard weather data—sunshine, wind, temperature and humidity, so by simple addition and subtraction of the various items we obtain the figure we require. By these means, the agricultural branch of the Meteorological Office is able to calculate the potential transpiration for any place in Great Britain for which the weather data are available.

Such a new approach is confusing at first, especially to a practical man, but naturally the first question is, is it accurate? I have heard the accuracy described as almost frightening, because in all cases where the figures have been tested the right working answer has been obtained. It is so near the truth that no field instruments are good enough to check it, and I think we may find that it is the best guess we are likely to get in the next ten years. The importance of this is twofold: first, we can use these calculations as a yardstick to find out by field experiment the optimum water requirements of a crop; and, second, we can find out how much Britain is short of water for a high level of production, and it is this second problem I want to emphasise here. The best example, for my purpose, is grass—the master crop. It is the success of this crop which decides more than anything else the extent of home supplies of meat, milk, and butter, and yet it has been said that it is a crop which we grow worst and use least.

It is fairly easy to calculate the soil water balance of grassland. We know how much rain falls on it, we know approximately how much water is stored in the soil within the range of the grass roots, and we know the maximum water need, that is the calculated potential transpiration. If we draw up this balance sheet for a good dairy farming area, such as Somerset or Cheshire, where the average annual rainfall is between thirty and thirty-five inches, we find an almost precise balance between too wet and too dry. One or two years in ten there is far too

much summer rain, and one or two years in ten there is far too little, but mainly the supply is adequate. It must be so, otherwise dairy farming would not be the traditional type of farming in these areas. Thus our calculations fit the facts. If we did not get this balanced picture from our calculations, the figures must be wrong; but we have done so, and so we can proceed a little further. We can calculate how often the addition of extra water will increase the yield of grass; in Somerset this frequency is five years in ten. A similar calculation in a drier eastern county would raise this frequency to nine years in ten. The same argument applies to any green crop with a similar root range of one to two feet; but for grain crops, whose roots extend to three or four times this depth, the frequency of additional water need is far less, and this explains the prevalence of arable farming in the lower rainfall areas.

It is one thing, however, to say that more green crops can be grown by adding water; it is another thing to say that it pays a farmer to spend time and money laying down irrigation. Already in the spring flushes it is difficult to use all the grass that grows, for the head of stock carried on a farm is conditioned largely by the winter feed available and not by the spring abundance. Hay-making is not the easiest of processes, silage-making is by no means the most popular—or grass drying the least expensive. Grass drying, however, does become cheaper the more grass that is dried, and it seems possible that a combination of irrigation and drying will both increase the total amount of food and lower production costs. Certainly it is senseless to spend money growing more grass if it cannot be used, but the usual July to August gap in natural food supply is due not only to the types of grass seed which are used, but also to the shortage of soil moisture during this period, and irrigation would certainly avoid cases, such as in 1949, when the August milk ration was only one pint per head per week.

An economical problem, however, can sometimes be solved, especially if the solving thereof is in the national interest, as distinct from the individual farmer's, but what is more fundamental is the question of water supply. Already the towns and industries are taking a great proportion of our available water from surface or underground supplies, and in the Midlands and east and south-east England the demand nearly equals the supply. The upper limit to the amount of water needed by the land to get maximum cropping can now be calculated to a fair degree of accuracy, and in an extremely dry summer in south-east England the sum total is almost astronomical, being up to 250,000 gallons of water per acre. If Britain wants to grow more food she needs not only the seeds and the fertilisers but also the water, and where this water can be obtained is a major national problem: possibly from the wetter west and north by canal or pipe-line grid, possibly from town sewers, through which both water and soil nutrients are lost to the land. At least the dimensions of the problem can be found, even if the solution is still distant. May I finish with a quotation from A. G. Street who, in an 'Any Questions?' programme was asked what is the most important question in the world today. His reply was 'Will it rain tomorrow?'—for if it does not rain somewhere, some morrow, nothing will grow, and if nothing grows we do not eat.—*Third Programme*

Amer Savoir, Celui Qu'on Tire du Voyage!

O, was that not a human cry? Beyond
the café lay a pawnshop and a line
of down-and-outs. And opposite its sign,
For travellers, dismay, there was a bond

of twisted smiles, a place of flowers and fond
and feeble promises that always pined
for fact: the morgue. It was the solo line
worked out right to the end, the black despond -

that knew no burst of anger. All was lies
and pleasure-seekers just about to start
a happy downward path: yet all were dead:

the ships had sailed for home. To them surprise
was only desolation and the heart
laid bare. And ghosts agreed to all they said.

DWIGHT SMITH

The Bicentenary of the British Museum—III

BERNARD ASHMOLE on the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities

A CENTURY ago a destitute Irish painter shattered the Portland Vase into some 200 fragments. The weapon he used was another exhibit standing nearby, which is variously described as a piece of basalt, or a curiosity of sculpture, and was evidently some natural stone of queer shape. Its presence shows that the Hamiltonian Ante-room, in which the disaster occurred, still retained as late as that something of the character of an old-fashioned family-cabinet of antiquities. And there are plenty of vestiges in the Museum even today, as in any living organism, not only of the old family relics—it is right that there should be—but also of outmoded ideas about the proper functions of a museum.

For instance, on the wall of the Archaic Greek room which we are now redecorating there still—to use the house-painter's poetic phrase—'grins through' the mark of a full-size pediment of a Greek temple: this was in plaster, projecting three feet from the wall—I can remember it well when I was a student—and it framed a complete set of casts of the statues from one end of the archaic temple at Aegina. The British Museum then possessed not only the Elgin Marbles, but also those from Phigalia—two incomparable series of sculptures—yet it was felt necessary for instructional purposes to display plaster-casts of this earlier series, the Aeginetan, which it had tried but failed to purchase.

Not least are these traces of ancestry to be found in the organisation of the departments. There was never, in the British Museum, one great creative act by which the heterogeneous collection of antiquities and staff was nearly divided into logical compartments. There was nothing like the master-plan of the Victoria and Albert Museum, where one section deals with metal-work, another with wood-work, and so on. This, whatever its disadvantages, is at least intelligible. Our system—if that word does not too much imply a rational process—has grown up partly by design, partly by trial and

error, partly by a combination of accident and oversight the results of which rival nature in their wayward fantasy. The normal division is by cultures: Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, these are clear and logical; but the department entitled Department of British and Medieval Antiquities, which is the largest, and is the original nucleus from which the others sprang, implies even in its title two different methods of classification, one by place and the other by time; whilst the Department of



A gallery in the British Museum, c. 1890, with Greek originals, Roman copies, and plaster casts



The Elgin Rooms of the British Museum today

Coins and Medals exhibits yet another method—by the kind of object.

The proof of the system is that it works: of course there are gaps and overlaps, but we do at least know that they exist, and where they are. The difficulty is to explain it to the casual visitor, who may digest the fact that the Greek and Roman Department does not look after Roman objects if they are found in Roman Britain or if they are Christian, and that Byzantine is far enough on the way towards Medieval to be the care of the British and Medieval Department; but finds it hard to accept the presence in that same department of Italian sixteenth-century maiolica and flint implements from the Irrawaddy.

The British Museum is in fact not one museum, but an assemblage of museums, and in token of this each keeper of a department is autonomous: although each regards the Director with respect—and often with affection—each jealously guards his right of direct access to the Trustees.

By long and admirable tradition, the departments of antiquities render to the public a number of services which hardly appear in the statutes. Any member of the public can bring or send an antiquity to the Museum and obtain without fee an opinion on its genuineness and date: not, however, on its value, for the obvious reason that this would enable him to quote it in selling, with all the prestige of the Museum behind it, or, if he failed to sell at that price, would give him a sense of

grievance. As it is, the scheme—if one can judge from the amount it is used—is widely appreciated by the public, and works also to the advantage both of dealers, who use it freely, and of the Museum itself. We pay good prices—that is not only right but politic—and owners, whether dealers or not, are often glad to sell direct to the Museum. The difficulty arises when the owner is willing to sell and the Museum anxious to buy, but the owner will not name his price. However, there are ways of coming to terms without transgressing the letter, still less the spirit, of the statutes. Of course there are always some people who will not play fair: we have from time to time identified as genuine an object of which the owner was doubtful, and have asked that we might be given the first refusal if he intended to sell, only to find it appearing later in an auction-catalogue, with our arguments for its genuineness and date, and our description of its qualities and importance fully set out, and thus putting up the price against us.

Lessons in Judging Antiquities

There is no better way of learning to judge antiquities than by handling this steady stream of unguaranteed objects. Each passes for genuine; but it may be false, or if genuine may belong to a period and culture outside the scope of the department: its pedigree may be good, or spurious, or non-existent. And it is a real test of faith in one's own judgment of style to maintain a decision when all the external evidence points the other way. Not long ago a visitor brought in a little model of Trajan's column in red marble, and a version, abbreviated but in correct Latin, also cut in red marble, of the inscription on its pedestal in Rome. We pronounced it to be what it clearly was, a souvenir made in Rome for the tourist trade of the last century; but we sympathised with the manifest disbelief of the owner as she told us that she had dug it up with her own hands in the garden of a new house on the borders of Sherwood Forest. Such finds are far commoner than you would guess: they come usually from old private collections, the dregs of which have been left in the attic or the cellar. Even such famous pieces as the Arundel marbles—that first and greatest of English collections—have suffered this fate. One of our Greek inscriptions was presented by the directors of the old London and South Western Railway Company, having been found in excavations at Vauxhall. A Greek inscription would not be impossible in Roman London, but this, we happen to know, did not arrive in London in antiquity. For when the Arundel Collection was being dispersed by the sixth Duke of Norfolk, two batches at least of the marbles went across the river from the family mansion which was being demolished. One lot was used by an old servant of the family to adorn some pleasure gardens called after him Cuper's, or, more ominously, Cupid's Gardens: the other was deposited on a piece of land leased by the Duke in Vauxhall, and here the marbles were buried under layers of rubbish intended to protect the land from flooding.

One more example of the kind of incident that is apt to occur in the Museum: odd in its way, but again not nearly so rare as might be supposed. A little time after the war, a visitor brought in an archaic Greek bronze statuette of a Spartan warrior, and was obviously surprised when we told him that it was already known to us. He then explained that he had recently bought the bronze, not in a shop but from an Arab in a remote corner of southern Arabia, so remote that it was near the country of the Ichthyophagi, who live to this day just as they did in the time of Herodotus, far away from the normal trade routes, and subsisting entirely on fish, both they and their animals. The explanation was simple enough. The statuette had been offered for sale, presumably by the same Arab, anyhow in the same place, to a British officer just before the war. The officer had not enough money in his pocket to buy it, but he set it up in the sand and photographed it with a miniature camera: the photograph was published in an archaeological journal—hence our knowledge of it. From its greasy condition the Arab had been carrying it next to his body ever since.

What was the age of Pontius Pilate at the time of the Crucifixion? This was a question asked on the telephone by a harassed theatrical producer whose principal insisted on playing the part as if Pilate had been a young man. Not an easy question to answer with precision, but it is a fair sample of the kind of inquiry being made continually by those who regard the Museum as the fount of all knowledge. Some enquiries recur frequently. 'Which was Keats' Grecian urn?' The answer to that is not at all simple; we have a pamphlet setting out the arguments for believing that Keats was inspired by one marble vase of Roman date with which he was familiar, by others which he knew in engravings, and above all by the frieze of the Parthenon. 'What are the measurements of the Aphrodite of Melos?' This must be on the card-index

of some fashion-agency, for it is asked at regular intervals. One letter, which went on to ask this question, began by asking another: 'Dear Sir, Was Venus known as Venus de Medici or Venus de Milo? There seems to be some confusion'. I do not think we ever received a more delightful letter than this, which came in the other day from a country parish: 'Dear Sir, We are having a coronation procession, and I am hoping to dress as St. George and my brother as the dragon. I should be very grateful if you could send me a description of a Roman soldier, his dress and his armour'.

To the keeper or the assistant keeper most of these questions pose, in addition to the problem of providing the correct answer, a little ethical problem. It is our duty to assist the spread of knowledge, but some regard must be paid to the time the assistance takes, and whether it interferes unduly with our other duties. Decision is often quite difficult. The inquiry about Pontius Pilate's age could be settled in five minutes, and since it was made the moment the Museum was open, almost before I had sat down to my desk in the morning, it seemed churlish to refuse. But if it had taken half an hour it would certainly have seemed a waste of the government's time and the taxpayer's money. As for St. George, this clearly called for a considered answer. But illustrations of armour of St. George's period—the fourth century A.D.—are not to be found in books to which the layman has ready access, and it therefore seemed reasonable to send a postcard of a well-known Roman relief a couple of centuries earlier, explain the changes that took place in armour and dress afterwards, and hope that the inevitable simplifications of the local dressmaker would approximate to them. It did not seem necessary to say more about St. George himself—his heresies, for instance; that awkward matter of the army's bacon-supply, or the likelihood that the dragon was nothing more than a caricature of his religious opponent, the orthodox Athanasius.

In one respect our duty towards inquirers is clear. We ought always to be prepared to produce and to say what we know about any one of the many thousand objects in our charge. This may occur just when one is anxious to have an uninterrupted period for some particular piece of study; but one does not grudge the time if the need is genuine—our two enemies are the visitor who has come solely to expound his own views at length, and the visitor who would like the department to do his research for him.

The Departmental Libraries

Everyone knows the great Reading Room of the Museum, and the Library with its 6,000,000 volumes; less known are the smaller libraries of specialised books which each department maintains for its own day-to-day working needs, and to which it admits students. These departmental libraries, linked as they are with the collections, and backed—as they must be—by the main Library, form unrivalled instruments of research, and it is small wonder that Continental scholars who have come to study the antiquities often spend most of their time in them. And that recalls one of our functions which may well be unknown to anyone who has not worked in the departments: they are a meeting place for scholars from all over the world. Those from our own universities or museums often visit us: excavators travelling, for instance, from Greece back to America tell us of their latest discoveries and discuss their problems: scholars from the Continent who have come to work on our collections show us similar material—recently acquired or unpublished—in their own. Discussion is humane: in other words it is without ulterior motives except the advancement of our common studies. In short, a clearing-house of knowledge. Ruskin once said that 'the British Museum is, on the whole, the best ordered and pleasantest institution in all England'. There have been two wars since then: and we may feel a doubt whether what he wrote is still quite true. But we can still endorse without reserve what he then added, that 'it is the grandest concentration of the means of human knowledge in the world'.

—Third Programme

Two useful books for those who are spending their holidays in England are *Country Houses Open to the Public* (Country Life, 6s.) and the *Oxford Travel Atlas of Britain* (Oxford, 10s. 6d.). The former is the third edition of an old friend and contains short descriptions of houses and gardens open to the public, with information about the times and dates of their opening. The latter is a new publication and consists of a set of regional maps (13 miles to the inch), relief maps of the whole country, and maps showing the location of celebrated sports grounds, climatic variations, and so on. There is also a gazetteer of 253 pages with maps of the larger towns and a brief indication of their more interesting features. The whole is introduced by lists of gardens, country houses, and 100 good eating houses in the smaller towns.

The Queen's Generation—II

Science and Responsibility

By JOHN PERRET

THE atom bombs which fell on Japan eight years ago brought me here today. Like the rest of the officer prisoners in Siam, I was marked for execution by the Japanese as soon as the battle drew near. The bombs stopped the battle; but they started a new era.

During late Victorian and Edwardian days science had become, for many people, almost a religion. According to the prophet Wells, man would progress in spite of human folly. But the applications of nuclear fission changed the shape of things to come: and the terrible power of human knowledge became apparent to us all. The whole question of the function and responsibility of science was thrust into public consciousness. Is science evil? we asked. Has 1,000 years of progress brought us to this? Something must be done about it: what can we do?

Now, it is very important that those questions should be asked; but it is also vital that they should be answered correctly. Let us do something, by all means; but do not let us do the wrong thing. Ineffective action, if it does not make the situation worse, may at least soothe our consciences so that we stop worrying about the danger. When the fire-alarm rings it is no good just switching it off.

Prison Camp Resolve

Strangely enough, similar questions troubled me in prison camp ten years ago. When Singapore fell I probably had not thought any more deeply about moral problems than most young men preoccupied with the physical aspects of war. Nor did work on the Railway of Death leave much time for introspection: in the face of starvation, disease, and brutality it took all our energies merely to stay alive. But after the railway was finished there were still two years of captivity ahead and little to do but think. I decided then that if I survived imprisonment I would take up medical research. And so I did.

I want to tell you now what I believe to be the answer to some of these crucial problems about science and responsibility. What I say will be my own opinion, shaped by my own experience. First of all, what is science? I should define science as that pattern of behaviour by which man gains the knowledge to control his environment. In itself, it is neither good nor evil: but it may be used for good and evil purposes. In a way, scientific knowledge is like an ever-expanding encyclopedia which can be left undisturbed on the shelf. Even if you take it down and read, say, that coal-gas is inflammable and poisonous, you need not do anything about it. But if you use that knowledge, not to cook the dinner but to murder your wife, then the author is not to blame.

All right, you may say; but surely we can censor the book? Why not suppress all the potentially harmful information and publish only the potentially good? The answer is that such selective censorship is impossible, because no scientist can foresee all the ultimate applications of his work. In fact, one piece of information is often used for both good and evil purposes. Madame Curie could not guess that her discovery of radium would lead to both the treatment of cancer and the design of an atom bomb. Nor could Pasteur know that his studies of fermentation would enable us to produce penicillin and anticipate bacterial war. Even the most innocuous mathematical theses may turn out to be equally fundamental for designing new weapons and for understanding the human brain. Partial censorship is impossible, because no one knows what to suppress.

Would it not be safer, then, to destroy the book altogether? If we cannot discover how to cook the dinner without discovering how to kill the cook, it is better to live on raw meat and salad. In other words, ban science entirely: we managed without it in the past; we can manage without it in the future. Back to the land, boys: three acres and a cow! Well, three acres of rich East Anglian loam and a fat cow in milk might be tolerable. But what about half an acre of marginal land and the hind-legs of a heifer? That is roughly what we might get, after sharing out this country's goods fairly amongst its total population. Our standard of living would fall at once to below that of a Chinese peasant: and as the population increased, even that standard would decline, until famine and disease stabilised the situation at a level of bare survival.

No, obviously we cannot stop science at the point it has reached now, because, if we do, we stop those applications of knowledge on which our survival depends. This country today has five times as many people in it as it had 150 years ago. And not only are there continually more people in the world to feed and clothe, but as we rapidly use up our reserves of oil and coal and fertile land there is less to feed and clothe them with. Like a man going up the down side of an escalator, we must keep moving simply to stay where we are. So science must advance; and as it advances, man's power to do good or evil will inevitably increase. It is vital to ensure that our knowledge is used for the benefit of man and not for his destruction. But who is responsible for the applications of our knowledge? Surely, we all are.

No scientist can make atom bombs by himself; nor do most of them want to. The weapons are made by the command of an elected government, with everybody's money, resources, and essential assistance. Scientists have one vote each, as you have; and their responsibility is limited to one vote's worth, like yours. Admittedly, some scientists talk and act as though responsibility rested with them alone; and no doubt some voters like to think that it does. After all, responsibility makes an uncomfortable burden, and it is consoling to be able to blame the world's troubles on some undefined 'Them' who are outside your control. But remember the conduct of the atom-traitors. Consider the motions passed by some groups of scientists about biological warfare and the abolition of the atom bomb. Do you really think that scientists necessarily have socially responsible minds, superior to your own in maturity and judgment? Should their consciences overrule yours? Heaven forbid! The fact is that, outside their own subjects, academic scientists are often less balanced in their views than the so-called 'man-in-the-street'. Their methods of work and habits of thought tend to insulate them from the realities of life. And to suggest that scientists should refuse to work on military projects is creating a dangerous precedent. When carried to extremes, the right to strike is fundamentally anti-democratic, for it could take control of national policy out of the voter's hands. Not only are you responsible for the applications of science, but it is essential for democracy that you should continue to be so.

War and Ethics

Let us now consider how you should use that responsibility. Should you try to ban weapons of mass destruction? That partly depends on how you answer another question. Is war ever justified? If it is, then when we fight what seems to us a just war we must fight it to the utmost of our power. There are, then, only two criteria to employ in making a choice of weapons. On military grounds we must choose the most efficient ones for a nation of our size and resources: and on moral grounds we should choose the most humane ones. To discuss whether their origin should be animal, vegetable, mineral, or supernatural is irrelevant. There is no ethical reason for permitting 1,000 weapons which each kill one man, and banning one weapon which kills 1,000.

Yet it could still be argued that such a ban might be advisable solely on grounds of self-preservation. And so it might—if we could be sure that it would be equally honoured by all parties. Clearly we cannot risk destroying our own war potential while leaving our less scrupulous neighbours in possession of theirs. Unfortunately that is just what might happen. Let me make it quite clear at once that I do not believe the Russians, the Chinese, or the Japanese are any more evil than we are ourselves. But most of the ideologies and moral codes of the western world are based on the Christian tradition: theirs are not. As a result, actions which we could not possibly countenance may appear justified to them. Totalitarian governments may consider it right to sacrifice uncounted individuals for the sake of the state; and even to sacrifice states for the sake of a political creed. Is it impossible that in all honesty they might regard agreements with democratic capitalism as just bits of paper? Our Japanese guards in Siam excused broken promises by saying 'In Japan we say yes whenever it is polite or convenient'. If a nation

(continued on page 22)

NEWS DIARY

June 24–30

Wednesday, June 24

H.M. the Queen attends Service of Thanksgiving and Dedication in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh

M. Pinay is unable to form new French government. President Auriol invites M. Joseph Laniel, a right-wing independent, to try to form a government

Minister of Food forecasts abolition of sugar rationing in September

Thursday, June 25

Mr. Robertson, President Eisenhower's personal representative, arrives in Korea

Eighty more Mau Mau terrorists killed in Kenya

Herr Grotewohl, Prime Minister of east Germany, admits that recent disturbances were not caused by western agents

Friday, June 26

M. Laniel receives vote of confidence as Prime Minister in French National Assembly

President Eisenhower's personal representative and President Syngman Rhee confer in Seoul

Saturday, June 27

It is announced from 10 Downing Street that the Prime Minister has been advised by his doctors to lighten his duties 'for at least a month' and that the Bermuda Conference has, therefore, been postponed.

Three Western Commissioners in Germany send notes to Soviet High Commissioner calling for restoration of normal condi- tions in east Berlin

Sunday, June 28

M. Laniel announces his Cabinet. President Auriol appeals for discipline and a higher sense of duty from people holding political office in France.

Communists in Korea drive South Korean forces from two positions at approaches to Seoul

**More than 370 people in southern Japan
lose their lives in flood disaster**

Monday, June 29

The Prime Minister appoints the Marquis of Salisbury as Acting Foreign Secretary pending Mr. Eden's return

Mr. Eden leaves hospital in Boston for convalescence

Mr. Butler announces that, owing to postponement of Bermuda Conference, an interim meeting of Ministers will be held in the near future

Tuesday, June 30

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh
return to London after Coronation visit
to Scotland

Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret leave in a Comet jet airliner for Southern Rhodesia

President Eisenhower's personal representative again sees President Syngman Rhee



The Royal Tour of Scotland: *Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, wearing the robes of the Order of the Thistle, leaving St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, after attending morning service last Sunday. Before the service the Duke of Edinburgh had been installed as a Knight of this ancient Scottish Order*



The scene in St. Giles' Cathedral on 7 June 1706, when the Duke of Edinburgh attended a National Covenant and Declaration of Dedication at the beginning of their reign, and the Crown of Scotland into the care of the people.



Signor de Gasperi, the Italian Prime Minister (left) and Sir David Maxwell Fyfe heading the procession to the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on June 24 where they received honorary degrees. They are followed by Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. Jacob Epstein; Sir Thomas Kendrick and Mr. John Gielgud



Germans in west Berlin carrying a wooden cross which is a memorial to the victims of the recent riots in the east. The cross was placed in front of the Soviet tank (seen on the right) which killed 100 Army men killed in the Battle of Berlin.*



When the Queen and the
Duke of Hamilton
are seen giving
the Duke of Hamilton



The ceremony in the grounds of the Palace of Holyroodhouse
on June 26 when the Queen presented new Colours to the First
Battalion, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders



erected last week as a
tor of the city. The cross
Russian memorial to Red
in



A. R. Morris batting in Australia's second innings in the second Test Match
at Lord's. The match was drawn



A memorial to Anna Pavlova, which was unveiled on June 27 by
Dame Ninette de Valois, Director of Sadler's Wells Ballet, in the
lake of Ivy House, Golders Green, Pavlova's London home

Left: J. Drobny (Egypt) in play against B. Patte, U.S.A., at
Wimbledon on June 24. The match lasted four-and-a-quarter
hours (the longest singles in Wimbledon's history) and ended in
victory for Drobny, 8-6, 16-18, 3-6, 8-6, 12-10

(continued from page 19)

accepts that principle, is her signature worth anything on a treaty? Until we have some principles in common we cannot safely come to terms.

So, finally, we arrive at this position. Science must advance because we need it for survival. But as science advances, man's power to do evil with his knowledge will increase, hand in hand with his power to do good. Therefore we must either abandon our cherished principles in the face of aggression or accept a life of fear which will end in a war destroying both victor and vanquished. Is that the best that progress can do for us? Is there no alternative solution?

All I can do is offer you the solution which occurred to me in Siam. As conditions of imprisonment slowly worsened, hunger, fear, and self-interest began to take control. I watched the character of my companions, my comrades, degenerate and thanked God I was not as other men are. Then came my turn to suffer; and I sank even lower than the rest. Filled with disgust, I lay under the stars at night, thinking 'we're all no better than animals: this might have happened in the jungle 10,000 years ago. Is this the best that progress can do?'

Suddenly I understood. We are all animals with a thin veneer of civilisation which hardship soon scrapes off. But that very weakness is the bond which unites us all. At once I was filled with affection for the

whole of humanity. For the first time I understood the real meaning of the words: 'Any man's death diminishes me, for I am involved in mankind. And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee'. Those words are from one of Donne's 'Devotions on Emergent Occasions'. And this so-called new Elizabethan age may be an emergent occasion for humanity: not merely the blackest chapter in human history, but possibly the end of the book. Progress has *not* brought us to this: we have made no progress in the only sense that matters. Our furious thirst for knowledge blinds us to the need for wisdom, and our wisdom is still at Stone Age level.

So let us face the truth. There is no threat from science: the threat comes from human nature. Unless we all undergo a complete change of outlook, our increasing powers will lead to catastrophe; and no treaties or agreements or laws can do more than defer the evil day. In my opinion the only hope for humanity is that every man, whatever his race or creed, should realise that there is only one rule of conduct which can bring certain peace. We have known that rule in various forms for at least 2,000 years. I now offer it to you again, not on religious or political grounds, but as a plain statement of the only condition under which men can continue to exist as a community: 'Love thy neighbour as thyself'. I cannot think of any other solution.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Medical Services in Russia

Sir,—If Moscow Radio were to broadcast a feature on the British National Health Service which did not mention our system of Health Insurance at all, but simply gave a series of criticisms, culled from unnamed sources, of the alleged working of the Health Service in, say, Bourton-on-the-Water, Crewe, and Workington, you would be the first to pillory such tactics in your regular feature, 'What They are Saying'.

Yet you publish (June 25) a talk on 'Medical Services in Russia' which is just of this type. The fact that there is a completely free health service, payment when off work from the first day of sickness, payment for a person who is necessarily off work to tend the sick, the existence of an enormous network of health centres attached to every district and every large factory, the rest homes and sanatoria—all of which make up the sum and substance of the Soviet Health Service—are not even mentioned. Instead, we get a series of criticisms which some time or other may have been made somewhere (dates and publications not quoted by Margaret Miller), and such irresponsible speculations as that 'typhus must remain a recurrent problem' and intestinal diseases be 'a continuing danger'.

Margaret Miller admits that great progress was made between the wars. 'In 1939 there were six times as many doctors and three times as many hospital beds as there had been in Tsarist Russia in 1913'. But since the war, she suggests, there has been 'very little direct information'. Yet at the Party Congress last October Beria devoted a considerable part of his contribution to giving comparative figures right up to date. One might have expected the broadcast at least to give these figures, the latest published. I trust you will print them now.

Uzbekistan, before the Soviet regime, had one doctor to every 31 000 people, approximately the same as in Pakistan today. Today it has one doctor to 895 people (very nearly the British figure). Even in France it is only one per 1,000. Azerbaijan is now far ahead of any western European country with one doctor for every 490 people; Georgia is still better, with one doctor for every 373 people; Armenia has one

doctor for every 483 people. The present Five Year Plan provides for a further twenty-five per cent. rise in the number of Soviet doctors.

True, even in the above-mentioned republics there are doubtless cases exposed in the press from time to time of inefficiency or bad management. By carefully picking these out, one by one, over an extended period, Margaret Miller could probably create a chaotic picture of the medical services in these areas. But let us remember that, using this same technique, the population of Britain can be represented, by carefully selected press-cuttings, as mainly occupied with murder and adultery. This is, alas, the technique Margaret Miller has used in her portrayal of the Soviet Health Service.—Yours, etc.,
LONDON, E.C.1

PAT SLOAN

General Secretary,
British Soviet Friendship Society

America Loses the Italian Election

Sir,—I read with much amusement the above article which appeared in THE LISTENER of June 18. I feel, however, that your readers would like to know the real reason why the Central Coalition was unable to reach a fifty per cent. majority. The new electoral law was pushed through the Italian Parliament against the wishes of the people who felt that the Christian Democrats, already in the majority, did not need a premium. The results of the Italian Elections have satisfied the majority of the Italian people, their opinion being that 'the Christian Democrats have been too greedy, they wanted too much, and now they have received what they deserve'.

An interesting feature of the electoral campaign was that of the whole opposition's cry: 'Don't let the Christian Democrats "*legge truffa*" (cheating law) work', which resulted in a Christian Democrat victory in the Senate and many blank ballot forms in the election of the Deputies.

Without the new electoral law, the Christian Democrats would probably have received about seventy to seventy-five per cent. of the votes.

Yours, etc.,

Rome

WALTER H. BROOK

The Fall of Byzantium

Sir,—Having just read the colourful talk by the Director of the Institute of British Archaeology at Ankara (THE LISTENER, June 11), I share his enthusiasm for Seljuk architecture, in which a sober vigour is often happily married to rich ornamentation.

In June, 1939, when I reached Old Bayazit and that chateau-fort facing a dreaded Central Asia full of possible invaders, my joy of discovery made me photograph all I saw: roofless halls, lighthouse-like minaret, carved beams of vanished balconies. Now Mr. Seton Lloyd said: 'As it is, I think that our own photographs are the first to reach this country'. This is not so. Five out of sixty-four full-plate illustrations of my book, *The Cruel Way* (W. Heinemann 1947), deal with that memorable crag rising near barren Mount Ararat. Moreover, I have had the honour of showing many slides to London audiences, particularly to the members of the Royal Central Asian Society.

Yours, etc.,

ELLA MAILLART

Chandolin,
Switzerland.

Sir,—The failure of the attempts at reconciliation, cited by Mr. D. J. Doyle (THE LISTENER, June 11), emphasise the cleavage between Constantinople and Rome. In all, some thirty such abortive attempts were made; but, apart from doctrinal differences, the Byzantines regarded themselves as heirs of both Hellas and imperial Rome, and 'the western empire of Charlemagne an impertinent usurpation to which the Popes of Rome had improperly lent their authority'. While perhaps willing to concede a certain primacy to Rome, the Papal claim 'to exact obedience and to exercise disciplinary jurisdiction over the church was one which no Patriarch of Constantinople would for a moment admit'. (H. A. L. Fisher.)

The estrangement between east and west was the primary cause of the Crusaders' failure to retrieve hither Asia, and it led to the disgraceful diversion of the Fourth Crusade to capture and pillage Constantinople. This was never forgotten by the Greeks, who were further

estranged by the corruption of the Papal court and the scandal of the Great Schism. When John Paleologous sought Papal aid to save his Christian empire from the Turk, Eugenius IV was too preoccupied defending himself against the Council of Basel, which desired to curb his patronage and reform Papal finances.

As regards the election of Photius—who, at the time, was Secretary of State and, like his celebrated predecessors Tarasios and Nichephorous, a layman—when Michael chose a successor to the deposed Ignatius, it was politically expedient to find someone of high talent and culture. Photius' chief fault, shared by many occupants of the Papal chair, lay in allowing 'statesmanship' to predominate. There is, however, no comparison between his election and, for instance, the creation of cardinals such as Cesare, *'Il Cardinale della genella'*, or the dissolute, fifteen-year-old Ippolito d'Este. It is also significant that when Ignatius was restored, Pope Hadrian found him as recalcitrant as Photius concerning Bulgarian concessions, a permanent source of contention between the two churches.

Yours, etc.,

Devizes

L. M. HOPKINS

'If and Perhaps and But'

Sir,—Unless I misconceive his meaning, Mr. Henry Reed, in his thoughtful talk printed in *THE LISTENER* of June 18, seems to imply that between the nineteen-twenties and today something happened whereby it is now possible for the poet to implement a 'formal artistic discipline derived from the outside' whereas this was not so three decades ago; and that what was 'inevitable for those days' does not apply to these present days.

I write only to ask what is the nature and the provenance of the thing which can have occasioned so radical a change. For such a change would seem to require some kind of civilisational change. For no 'external discipline' can be real, invigorating, and integrating unless it comes to us with the imperatives of a living tradition.

If the formal problems attaching to the making of poetry in 1923 were such that could not be solved by resort to 'external discipline' the same would seem to apply in 1953. Unless some radical change has indeed occurred, not in our own inclinations or wishes, but in the actual civilisational situation. But that situation, in so far as it conditions the making of works, seems not to have changed except in the sense of a considerable intensification and extension of its earlier characteristics. So that it would appear that the problems of the poet remain essentially the same, except that those problems are even more intensified and more complex.

I am constrained to write this letter of inquiry because the matter is of crucial importance to all of us who would try to understand the true nature of those problems inherent in the making of works of 'poetry', *under whatever mode*, in our particular epoch, in a late phase of a civilisation with its many dichotomies both within and without.—Yours, etc.,

Harrow-on-the-Hill

DAVID JONES

'Q': Myth, Man, and Memory

Sir,—The gay ribbons on 'Q's' lecture notes had, I believe, a comparatively simple explanation. In 1924, when I was literary editor of an undergraduate magazine, I asked the Professor for permission to reprint a summary of his latest lecture, on Byron. He graciously lent me his typewritten copy, with anxious prayers for its safety. Here were no 'notes' but the complete lecture, *in extenso*. It was in two colours, full of aids to its perfect delivery—breath-marks, pauses, under-linings, and the

rest. It was bound, and there were coloured ribbons to 'keep' certain pages. These may have been time-checks, or they may have been inserted to facilitate a quick reference back should the lecturer have wished to re-read a quotation.

Years later 'Q' told me how much he disliked—almost dreaded—the set, formal lecture. Writing and talking about all kinds of writing and talking: these were the joy of his academic life. If he *had* to deliver formal lectures, then he would make them, as far as he could, finished 'orations' in the grand manner, even if that meant reading, and even rehearsing, them. Hence the careful preparation of the MS, to a point at which the apparently spontaneous jokes and 'asides' were as calculated as the purposeful irrelevances, the generous quotations, the civilised judgments, and even the studied mannerisms. I suspect that the editors of the University Press could confirm that most of his lectures went straight into print with the minimum of textual alteration. There can be few lectures, which were also attractive to listen to, of which this could be said.—Yours, etc.,

Hitchin

H. M. BURTON

The Boredom of Fantasy

Sir,—There is an aspect of science fiction which Arthur Koestler (in *THE LISTENER* of May 28) has rather ignored. It is that science fiction is of tremendous importance in spreading an understanding of science. It can make its readers conscious of the significance of science as a social force, as the prime instrument of social change. Science fiction can take the wheelbarrow out of men's minds and replace it by the powerful space rocket. It can help us to prepare to live in the world of tomorrow, which is developing all around us here today.

This is a tremendously important job which science fiction can do without ever mentioning the word 'education' and without ever becoming narrowly propagandist. But the trouble with science fiction today is that it groans too much and makes us all look too ill. It fills the reader with an awful sense of doom. The stories leave me with an overriding impression of death and destruction, and, I regret to say, with a belief in authoritarianism. The Strong Man, the Big Boy, the Leader, are successful. The people are just—well, there they are, to be pushed round, ordered about, exploited, and duped. Nobody seems to believe in people. And in the process great harm is being done to science and to the scientist. He is presented as the great know-all, the person, brilliant but different, who thinks up all these ideas and inventions which are really very dangerous for men, and which usually the professional soldier is called in to help to control. This is an exceedingly dangerous picture to build up, one that is anti-scientific.

There is a crisis of quality in science fiction today, but no crisis in quantity. Never were so many fed with such shoddy material. There are only a few writers who can construct a plot and invest it with some of the basic qualities of fiction. Incalculable harm is being done to science fiction because of the commercial possibilities of pulp sales. In back rooms, in many cities, persons not at all concerned with raising the standards of science fiction through honest encouragement of writers are poisoning the minds of too many with the dregs of pulp trash that they have bought cheaply from their American equivalents. They are making fortunes by pandering to base tastes. In the main, the science writer is not concerned with reality. He is feeding the escapist. He reflects in his work the terrible crisis of outlook typical of our day. People who see no hope in the future find solace in science fiction.

But why cannot science fiction writers be optimistic? Have they really no faith in the future? Do they think it will all end in a bang and a whimper?

For four years I was a servant of the United Nations. I know that everywhere there is a demand for an understanding of the part science can play in improving conditions of life. Has the science writer no part to play in this? Of course he has. Why should he concentrate on totalitarian struggles on planet X and wars of destruction in galaxy Y, when he can be much more effective by concentrating on the healthy co-operation of nations for peaceful ends. That is the great theme of these days, which the science fiction writer ignores at his peril. I believe that science fiction must become more adult and non-violent if it is not to remain the piquant stimulant of a few and dope for the masses.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

MAURICE GOLDSMITH

Five Centuries of Maps

Sir,—Professor Eva Taylor's claim (*THE LISTENER*, June 25) that 'twenty years ago no one of any importance' 'was interested in the history of science and technology'—presumably in relation to English maps—surely needs some modification.

What of the work of Sir H. G. Fordham, William Harrison of Manchester, and Thomas Chubb of the British Museum, of more than sixty years ago? In Lancashire and Cheshire earlier than that there were several splendid private collections of early maps besides that of Dr. William Ecroyd Farrer, the historian of Lancashire.—Yours, etc.,

Corwen

W. F. IRVINE

The Reality of 'Flying Saucers'

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr. A. X. Chumley, asks if there is a 'rational' explanation of the noise which is sometimes associated with the appearance of 'flying saucers'. Dramatic audible effects generally accompany fireballs and meteorites, and since these phenomena are often classed as 'flying saucers' the association of the strange, organ-like sounds with the appearance of 'flying saucers' is not unexpected. A renowned American authority on meteorites—the late W. J. Fisher of Harvard—described the sounds made by meteorites as 'thunderous detonations and noises like volley firing, and (near the fall point) a loud buzzing or drumming sound'.

One of the most remarkable celestial events of this century was the procession of meteorites observed for 6,000 miles across Canada on February 9, 1913. There were at least ten groups, each with more than twenty members, leaving long trails and moving across the sky in perfect formation. Their passage was accompanied by sounds like distant thunder, and in some localities the earth vibrated. These stones from space fell into the sea near Bermuda. Surely, a perfect example of the type of natural phenomena which in 1953 would cause another 'flying saucer' scare.—Yours, etc.,

University of Manchester. A. C. B. LOVELL

The New Elizabethan Age

Sir,—I stand corrected and am grateful to Mr. de la Torre for pointing out (in *THE LISTENER* of June 4) the error into which I had fallen about the first circumnavigation of the globe. I am afraid I had lost sight of Magellan's and El Cano's exploit fifty years prior to Drake's spectacular journey round the world. My apologies to the shades of two great sailors!

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

VIOLET MARKHAM

Round the London Art Galleries



Above, left: 'Femme à l'Eventail', from the exhibition of paintings by Mary Cassatt, at the Marlborough Fine Arts Galleries

Above: 'Homme Endormi', by Vuillard, from 'Selected French Paintings, Nineteenth and Twentieth Century', at Reid and Lefevre's

Left: 'Country Folk Resting', by Rowlandson, from the exhibition of watercolours and drawings by Thomas Rowlandson, and coloured engravings by James Gillray, at the Whitechapel Art Gallery

Early Epic and Modern Poetry

By JOHN HOLLOWAY

I WANT to examine not the cause, but the result, of a remarkable literary fact: that since Keats hardly one English poet has made his reputation with a long poem, especially a narrative one. At first, this was not for want of trying; in spite of Edgar Allan Poe's pronouncement in 1847 that a long poem was a contradiction in terms (poetry's essential task being to excite by elevating, and this being something that could not go on for long). But later, when Poe's influence came back into English poetry through French poetry, it was, on the whole, for want of trying. Modern poets would not give Poe's reason against long poems. They want poetry to excite not so much by elevating as by concentrating, and a long poem would simply engulf the subtle and precise structures of argument, ambiguity, or image they have usually aimed at. But the effect is the same. And, of course, the usual defence of this by now familiar kind of complex literature is that which Mr. Eliot gave in his essay on 'The Metaphysical Poets': modern civilisation is complex, so, naturally, it constrains the artist to create a complex modern art.

Complex Life and Simple Poetry?

Without in any way attacking this principle, still less the art it leads to, perhaps one can point out that complex modern life might make us want not complex but outstandingly simple poetry—on the ground that the complexities were, after all, of superficial importance, and that a major poet would be able to take his readers through them, to the massive simplicities beyond. This is just what Matthew Arnold said, almost exactly 100 years ago, in the celebrated *Preface* that he wrote for his own poems. Arnold's contemporaries—rather like modern critics—admired Shakespeare for ingenuity and richness of imagery. Arnold said that, as influences, these were just the worst parts of his work; and he called on writers not to succumb to the complexities of modern life, but to see through them to life's basic, simple realities.

I do not know even what kind of evidence would prove one of these two critics right as against the other; and, in fact, as so often with poet-critics, both were writing the criticism which would justify what they were going to write as poets. Arnold as poet was turning at the very same time to the *Prose Edda*, to Persian history, and to Celtic legend, for situations which had the simple but abiding significance he admired; and in style he was trying to reproduce in English what he found in Homer. Once, in 'Sohrab and Rustum', he was successful. But he was striving against the main trend not only of his time but of his own temperament, too; and in some cases there is less difference than there might be between Arnold's narrative poems and those he reacted against. I say 'reacted against' because he was not alone in turning to early epic and saga; and, indeed, some contemporaries and followers of Arnold turned to these things for reasons rather like Arnold's reasons.

Tennyson, for example, transformed the 'Idylls of the King' until, at least in intention, they portrayed those basic human forces which keep society going, or break it up. William Morris went to Icelandic literature for a simpler and therefore truer picture of human passions and of what was at the root of human virtue and heroism. Later on, C. M. Doughty wrote his long epic, 'The Dawn in Britain', with an idea of heroic action which he found conspicuously absent in contemporary public life but present in Anglo-Saxon poetry. And both Morris and Doughty believed that this more primitive literature had not only a more significant concept of human excellence, but also a concreteness and directness of diction which excelled later literature. This care for the technical resources of poetry actually links them with other Victorian writers; for the Victorian period was not, as is sometimes thought, a time of derivativeness and complacency about the language and techniques of verse, but one of anxiety and widespread experiment. Doughty's admiration for early English is a link with, of all people, Hopkins. 'I am now learning Anglo-Saxon, and it is a vastly superior thing to what we have now', Hopkins once wrote—though of course his idea of setting modern English to rights was utterly different from Doughty's. And there were many other experiments and speculations

about a language for poetry: the metrical experiments of Tennyson or William Barnes, for example, or the combined experiment and discussion of Patmore or Hopkins himself, or the use of common and colloquial speech by all of these and also, perhaps, by Christina Rossetti and the Brownings. Yet, even so, much of the poetry of this period—much even of the colloquial poetry of Browning—seems to us now to have been written in a diction; in a language that had not fully maintained its contact with the language used in life's ordinary important affairs.

Some reasons why this happened are not specially important now. We have come to recognise them clearly, they cannot impair our present practice. For example, Morris' sense of the grandeur of primitive heroism went only skin deep: constantly (in translation as well as in original poems) he changes a plain heroic incident into one where the chief quality is some subtlety of literary medieval atmosphere, or some elusive colouring of pathos. Similarly, when Tennyson retells from Malory how Lancelot is caught with Guinevere, he simply removes the disquieting realities that Malory knew all about; he makes the whole thing trite and prim, and he tries to conceal this by a borrowed literary eloquence. There are sharp limits to the range of experience that the Victorians could come smoothly to terms with—but we know all about this now, and even, I hope, know that somewhere we must have such limits ourselves. Another thing is that some of these writers were not, perhaps, clear whether they aimed at recapturing the fundamental mode of treatment of the early epic, or wanted the quite different and much more sophisticated pleasure of partaking in some literary tradition of narrative ritual—whether vaguely medieval, or classical. Arnold makes Rustum's horse weep at the death of Sohrab—a deliberate Homeric echo, ingeniously modified and skilfully worked into the story; but it has independent life only as a scholarly diversion. And this failure to distinguish between two quite different motives for turning back to primitive models may underlie much of the derived, literary diction that intermittently blurs the verse of Tennyson or Morris.

The Fine Grain of Experience

But there is another reason why the Victorians fell into this diction: and it is a reason which is still important, for it comes from an attitude to writing which (despite all our reaction from them) we and the Victorians have in common. This is the belief that literature should explore what might be called the fine grain of experience, should parade an especially sharp, subtle, manifold awareness, and should display to the reader what is so elusive, or minute, or half-conscious, or fleeting, or involved, that without this help from the artist he would miss it. In this, oddly enough, writers of the nineteenth and of the twentieth century are one. Of course, the particular details that interest them are different. The Victorians strove for vivid but minute sensuous details, or for an elusive, subtle shade of atmosphere or sentiment. Modern poets (and also, perhaps, Coventry Patmore and Browning—here is the point where these categories begin to fail) have pursued what is multiple, paradoxical, or half-conscious in experience, or some complex structure of many different kinds of idea and feeling. And perhaps they pursue the vivid sensuous detail, too. But the basic likeness within this unlikeness is surely beyond dispute. One fact may bring this out with unexpected clearness: the astonishing and, I think, rarely noticed identity between Virginia Woolf's famous essay on 'Modern Fiction'—so expressive of the modern view of literature and of experience—and the first two volumes of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*; for both of these writers say the same thing: that the world is richer than the artist can ever portray, and that its richness consists in what is elusive and complex and ever-changing.

This view may be admirable: but I want to ask what happens when poets take it and let it govern their work. It demands of them all the time what is vivid, unexpected, subtle; and very few writers of any kind can keep this up. The result is an unremitting quest for rich and new forms of expression, for ingenious novelties or unprecedented luxuries of language; and the result of this is a constant wearing out of

every new diction as it is introduced. Why does this come about? Because modern poetry's basic mode of writing constantly tempts the writer, when his own vision falls short of that unremitting originality which it demands, to rely on being tided over by the latest rich poetic diction—which his contemporaries are busy accumulating all the time. And a poetic diction which is full of expressions and techniques invented to be vivid, searching, or spectacular, is not only a standing temptation to the minor or fitful artist: it is also exactly what will be most likely by its very brilliance and difficulty to bluff readers for a time, even when there is nothing in it. So we get the present situation, with a radically new kind of poetic expression being invented every decade, and likely, just because of its richness, to be mechanically exploited almost from the start. This is not, needless to say, an attack on modern poetry; but an attempt to indicate what endemic tendency to bad it is which lies hidden in its particular kind of goodness.

Other Lives and Other Insights

We now almost take it for granted that literature should have this special kind of originality, should pursue subtlety and complexity, and should strike out in unexplored areas of the fine grain of experience. Yet it is hard to believe that, after several thousand years, men have only just discovered the true nature of poetry; so perhaps our eager acceptance of this critical ideal is because it is related with special closeness to our own life—our mainly urban society, with its extraordinary degree of leisure, non-violence, sophistication, and comfort. This is not at all to say that the modern standard is a false one, but only that our circumstances have helped us to see one way of producing major art, and see it with exceptional clearness. But to recognise that our kind of life has helped us to this insight is to recognise that another kind of life might lead men to other insights, and indicate quite other modes of creating literature.

The Homeric literature which Arnold was trying to learn from, and the early Icelandic literature that Morris admired, show another mode of writing. Their method is not, as Arnold seems to have supposed, simply that of selecting a great central theme. It penetrates much more intimately into the detail of the narration, and what it is at heart is this: that the author does not pursue the subtleties and complexities of experience, but just the contrary. From the modern point of view, he persistently undertells the story. He avoids really individualised descriptions of scenes and places, or accounts of the stream of a man's consciousness, or multiplicities of image or thought or elusive feeling. When Odysseus reaches Ithaca at last, he simply does not recognise it, and grumbles because it is such a barren place. His wife, as mistress of the house, receives him while he is disguised as a travelling beggar: Homer makes the occasion significant not by pursuing the half-thoughts and fantasies that might perhaps have floated through her mind—which could have been the modern way—but by showing ironically how she remained in simple ignorance all the time. When Priam comes in unexpectedly to Achilles to beg for his son's body, and kneels down to him with his hands on Achilles' knees, Homer merely says that everyone stared one at another in amazement, as if he were a fugitive from justice.

At the climax of the 'Song of Roland', when both the heroes are at the point of death, and Oliver strikes Roland because his wound has made him blind, the poet recounts every step in the incident as though it were perfectly simple and almost trivial. In the Anglo-Saxon 'Fight at Finnsburgh', the crucial words of one hero to another, before they fight and one of them is killed, are simply, 'It is laid down for you already which of two things you are going to get from me here'. Or take a prose example: at the end of the Icelandic *Njáls Saga*, one of the only two survivors from the long and bloody and bitter feud is shipwrecked, and comes as a castaway to claim the hospitality of the other; and he simply springs up and gives him the welcome of lasting friendship, as if this were a matter of course, or something he had been waiting to do for a long time—which is true. There is no comment, no elaboration at all.

This kind of writing is not to be found throughout early epic literature; and, if anything, the most striking examples of it often occur when epic is on the point of changing from the oral to the written form, and the specialists feel it is losing its earliest qualities. Again, it occurs outside epic—occasionally in Malory, for example. But early epic is the central place to find it; and it is a kind of writing which poets forget, and cease to be able to use, at their peril. For its simplicity and understatement put the minimum strain on language. They cannot create a rich diction which may trick both writer and reader into mistaking what is empty and secondhand for what is alive and

new. They leave language purposely bare; and require the reader to grasp for himself (almost in spite of how the tale is told) a deep significance in what the casual eye finds plain or formal. To emphasise that this style is important is in no way to suggest that poets should try, now, to write epic poems about either ancient or modern battles. Indeed, it has no necessary bearing at all on the writing of any kind of epic today. The most famous epics of later times, once the written form of literature is established and dominant, have usually tried to do something much more ambitious and comprehensive than earlier epics—to write, as it were, the document by which a whole society or tradition of culture could stand or fall: its final statement, its justification, in fact its myth. And these later epics depart in one way or another from the direct style that grew out of oral conditions. They are brilliantly elaborate or they exploit subtleties of sound, or rhythm, or literary association—think of Tasso or Virgil or Spenser. No doubt, too, our modern society, with its strange amalgam of sophistication and bewilderment, its strangely complex yet fragmentary nature, would direct anyone who did try to write its epic into a peculiar complexity and variety of style and also substance. I think Pound's 'Cantos' illustrate this. Moreover, to issue a call for the authentic modern epic would very likely be a waste of time: for by contrast with the profusion of good primitive epic, the good literary epic is very rare—so rare, in fact, that it seems as if few societies or cultures produce more than one masterpiece in this kind. If so, that masterpiece perhaps comes at some distinctive point in a society's history—perhaps at the climax of its achievement, or perhaps just after this; and these are views into which Virgil and Camoëns and Milton, for example, can be fitted with varying degrees of ease. And it would be a doubly bold man who not only settled when this opportune moment was, but also claimed that our own society has reached it.

But I am in no way arguing that poets should now try to write epic, only that there is a certain mode of writing which is common in early epic, and which any society at any stage of development needs to remain sensitive to, and able to use, if its general capacity for literature is to remain robust and healthy. This mode of writing is like a line that we cannot allow to vanish from the literary spectrum. Its value is not simply that it brings pleasure; more than this, it brings renewed stimulus and discipline and power.

Objections to 'Stock Responses'

I foresee two objections to this train of thought, and I mention them because, in each case, showing where they are wrong enables me to take the train of thought further. The first can be put in the categories of modern literary criticism by saying that to call for writing where the author gains his effect just by starting off the imagination and knowledge of the reader is to call for a literature of the 'stock response'. Wanderer returns home; father risks life for son; enemies are reconciled; warrior makes desperate stand: these, it might be said, are now conventional situations where a writer can grasp a success he does not really earn. In part, of course, this is a straight error of fact. The epic poet adds to his plainly narrated incident by where he sets it in his whole poem, and by many things elsewhere in that poem which accumulate a charge for the crucial event. The meeting between Achilles and Priam is recounted plainly, but it has a significance which Homer took twenty-three and a half books to build up. In the Babylonian epic 'Gilgamesh' the hero, Gilgamesh himself, has the plant of eternal life stolen from him while he is bathing in a little stream of fresh water. It is stolen by a snake who is attracted by the smell of the plant, and carries it off in his mouth, cursing Gilgamesh as he goes. By itself, the incident is slight and almost grotesque. But it is this very grotesqueness that gives it pathos, coming as Gilgamesh's last failure in all his sufferings and heroic deeds in search of the secret of eternal life.

But there is also something more to say: it is that the whole idea that stock responses in literature are necessarily bad is again something that springs from the peculiar conditions of modern life, and has point largely because of those conditions: for it assumes that an experience will mean much to us only if we are shown more in it than we have seen before, or can see for ourselves. It may be true that—save for elusive subtleties which only the artist can reveal—the ordinary person's life now is indeed uneventful and trivial; but this, if true, only shows how far our recent past has been a historical oddity. We need, in fact, to distinguish sharply between the response which a reader can bring to a poem, because that poem makes a call upon what has been potent and moving in his experience; and one which a reader brings to one

poem out of relics and residual traces left in his mind by others. This second kind of response, though, is barely relevant to early epic, with its simple mode of narration, its constant under-statement. Its relevance is to later literary epic which often tries to work in a sophisticated tradition, and an artistic, elevated language. There has been quite enough discussion of it in recent years, and I can leave it entirely aside here.

I mentioned two objections to the train of thought I have put forward: the second is that modern literature cannot learn from early epic, because modern life is utterly different from the life which that epic describes. At bottom, this argument can only live at all if we blur the distinction between subject-matter and mode of composition, which I tried to draw earlier on. But if this distinction is ignored, the argument might go like this: primary epic draws on deep and poignant emotions such as those that invest the permanent separation of parents and children, or husbands and wives; it deals with slavery and torture and extermination, whether of a family or of a whole city; and it records hatreds intense enough to bring about massacres or treachery

on a grand scale. And because the creators of epic knew that life could contain these things, and yet could contain heroic actions, too, they rested their poems on certain basic convictions—that man's environment is hard and stern, and that good men as well as bad suffer ignominy and pain; yet that, even so, men can have physical or moral powers so great that they almost surpass belief. But, the argument would run, the evils of those primitive times have quite disappeared in our modern progress and enlightenment and rationality; and so of course the basic notions then have no point for us now.

You may wonder why I have troubled with this objection; it must sound ludicrous in 1953; or at any time really in recent years. So many of the evils of primitive times have come back into our life. But I do so in order to stress how the security, and the non-violence, and even the comfort which have created our modern critical attitudes, have all stopped. And this early epic poetry has now acquired a relevance not only for its technique, but also for its underlying convictions and principles—its basic attitudes which have an almost dramatic aptness for our own time and for our own predicaments.—*Third Programme*

The Tomb with the Bulls' Heads

By W. B. EMERY

AT the end of the last century, the excavations of De Morgan at Nagadeh and of Flinders Petrie at Abydos revealed great monuments of the First Dynasty. Prior to this time, our only knowledge of the beginnings of Pharaonic Egypt came from the scanty writings of the classical authors. Much of the information they gave was regarded by the Egyptologists as legendary rather than historical. Petrie's great work in re-clearing the tombs, or cenotaphs, at Abydos enabled him to establish the order of the kings of the First Dynasty and place our scanty knowledge of the archaic period on a sound basis. It was obvious, from the objects he found, that in Egypt at this early period a high civilisation was in existence. But the question remains unanswered as to where and how this civilisation came to be established. Was the Pharaonic civilisation the outcome of a sudden step forward in the pre-dynastic culture of the indigenous inhabitants of the Nile Valley? Or was it due to a different race whose arrival changed the whole cultural trend of Egypt some 5,000 years ago?

Early in this century, Petrie continued his research on this early period, and excavations by him and by other Egyptologists at Tarkhan and Giza gave fresh evidence of the high cultural achievements of the Egyptians 3,000 years before Christ. Nevertheless, these discoveries merely scratched the surface of the problem. It has become increasingly obvious that the puzzle of the birth of Egyptian civilisation may be solved by the complete investigation of the archaic necropolis which is situated on the edge of the escarpment at the north end of Sakkara, overlooking the village of Abusir. The cemetery was plundered and re-plundered in ancient times, and no real scientific exploration was undertaken until 1912, when Quibell cleared two small areas and proved that over a wide area there were the remains of great tombs of the First, Second, and Third Dynasties. Unfortunately, Quibell does not appear to have attached great importance to his discovery, and his rather haphazard excavation was interrupted by the first world war. No further work was done on the site until 1930, when excavation was recommenced by Firth. But he had hardly started before the work was again brought to a standstill by his untimely death in the following year.

My own connection with the site began in 1935, when as an official of the Department of Antiquities I was instructed to re-clear Firth's work, with a view to its publication. The re-excavation of the tomb of the Vizier Hemaka yielded startling and unexpected discoveries and the importance of the site was finally appreciated, and I began the systematic excavation of the whole area. Along the edge of the escarpment we completely cleared eighteen immense tombs of the First Dynasty, dated to the Pharaohs Hor-Aha, Zer, Udimu, Adjib, Ka-a, and Queen Merneith. Until further areas are cleared, we cannot be certain that these are the actual tombs of the kings. But the balance of evidence suggests that some of them may well be, and our discovery this year lends considerable support to this possibility.

The second world war interrupted work for a period of six years, and with the exception of the discovery of the tomb of Queen Merneith in 1946, the area was left untouched until this year, when the Egypt Exploration Society, working on behalf of the Egyptian Service of Antiquities, re-opened the excavations under my direction. We began work on January 28, and our first objective was to discover whether there were any further subsidiary burials connected with the tomb of Queen Merneith.

I must confess that there were other reasons for working in this area. I had long suspected the existence of a large tomb nearby. Day by day, for many years, I had walked over this ground on my way to my excavations farther to the north, and during the winter months, when in the early morning the sand and gravel of the desert is wet with dew, it is often possible to trace the outline of mud-brick walls below the surface, because of a slightly darker colour of the ground. This phenomenon was apparent in the present case, and, in addition, the reddish colour of the sand caused by minute fragments of broken pottery all contributed to my belief that I was walking over the remains of a large tomb. Scratching the surface with my walking stick, I often noted larger fragments of pottery recognisable as belonging to the earlier half of the First Dynasty.

As I have already said, we had in our previous work discovered tombs of the period of every king of the First Dynasty with the exception of the third king Uadji and the sixth king Semerkhet. My hope was that if the tomb really existed it would belong to the period of Uadji and provide us with evidence of architectural developments which we lacked. The results of the subsequent excavations have fulfilled this hope, and the tomb can be dated to the reign of Uadji, who ruled Egypt about 3,100 B.C.

Fundamentally, the big tombs of the First Dynasty were the same in general design: a substructure cut in the ground, consisting of the burial chamber with subsidiary rooms for the owner's most precious possessions, and a brick superstructure built above ground level, which contained magazines for the storage of reserve supplies of equipment for the deceased in his life in the underworld. But this was only the general scheme of the design, and the new tomb, far bigger than those previously discovered, has many refinements and developments of an entirely new character. The mud-brick superstructure, with its facades of elaborate recessed panelling on all four sides, measures fifty-one metres in length and twenty-one metres in breadth, and although, in its ruined condition, it is reduced to only a little over two metres in height, we have evidence that suggests that originally it must have been over twelve metres high. Within this immense superstructure are forty-five magazines, and although most of these were found robbed of their contents, others contained many interesting objects such as fragments of beautifully carved wooden furniture, pottery, and stone vessels with inscribed clay jar sealings, and ivory and wooden labels which are so

valuable for the identification of the ownership of the tomb. It was from one of these superstructure magazines that we found the ivory label bearing the name of Uadji.

A feature of the superstructure which has not previously been found in other tombs of the period is a low bench, or platform, which runs round the base of the panelled exterior on all four sides. On this bench there were hundreds of bulls' heads modelled in sun-dried clay, each head having real horns. These rather weird objects were arranged in symmetrical rows and held in position on the bench with wooden pegs. What the bulls' heads were for is not yet clear; they may have formed an architectural embellishment, or perhaps they may have been tokens of sacrifice. Whatever their purpose, in their original state, at the foot of the brightly painted facade of the tomb, they must have been a most impressive sight, typical of the rising tide of Pharaonic civilisation. Surrounding the main block of the superstructure was a white-plastered enclosure wall. The corridor between this wall and the bulls' head bench had a pavement of stamped mud, originally painted green.

The substructure was formed by a large rectangular pit measuring twenty-five metres by ten metres and about four metres deep. Inside this was built a central burial chamber, four subsidiary rooms and sixteen magazines, arranged below those of the superstructure. When we first entered the burial chamber we were puzzled by its immensely thick walls and comparatively small floor area. The brickwork also appeared to be poor and hurriedly built, and when we finally cleared it of debris it was apparent that the structure had been rebuilt. From the evidence of various inscribed objects we realised that this restoration had been done during the reign, and probably at the instance of, the Pharaoh Ka-a, last king of the First Dynasty. After a complete examination of Ka-a's restoration, we cut down the east wall of the burial chamber and found the walls of the original structure still standing behind them. Here we made the sort of find that a puzzled archaeologist rarely has the fortune to make: between the restoration of Ka-a and the original wall of the burial chamber we found a fragment of ivory beautifully engraved with the name of the Pharaoh Uadji, who in this manner might appear to stretch across 5,000 years to claim the ownership of his ravaged tomb. Brick by brick the original burial chamber was laid bare, and although gutted by fire and disfigured by robbers' holes and the work of the restorers, sufficient evidence remained to give us an adequate idea of its original magnificence. It was originally floored and roofed with wood. A series of shallow pilasters which broke the flat surface of the walls were faced with wood inlaid with vertical bands of thin gold plate in a design of bound reeds.

Like all royal tombs of this early period, the tomb had been



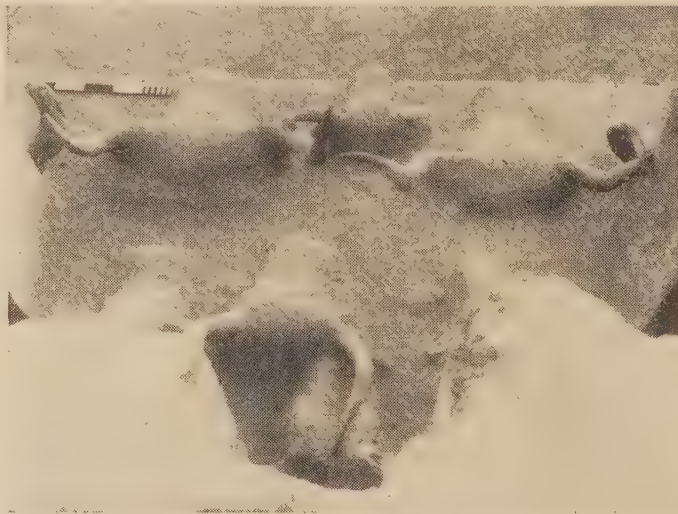
General view, from above, of the burial chamber of King Uadji at Sakkara

plundered and re-plundered. But as we gradually cleared the burial chamber, we were able to gather evidence from which we can reconstruct the sad story of its desecration. At a period shortly after the burial, robbers entered the burial chamber through a tunnel cut below the surface of the ground. To cover the evidence of their sacrilege, or because of some obscure superstition, they deliberately fired the burial chambers, which, in the confined space without any outlet, must have smouldered for weeks. Finally, the heavy wooden roofing collapsed, causing the subsidence of the middle of the great

rubble-filled superstructure above it. The violation of the tomb would thus become apparent to the guardians of the necropolis. Under King Ka-a, the debris of the burnt-out burial chamber and adjacent rooms was cleared and the structure remodelled and restored. By the way, the firing of the burial chambers of early First Dynasty tombs by their plunderers is a common feature. It has been noted in other royal burials at Sakkara, Abydos, and Negadeh.

Even in its ravaged state, much material remained in the tomb to testify to its original wealth. The ivory objects and pieces of carved and inlaid woodwork and furniture exhibit a high degree of craftsmanship, skill in design, and aesthetic sense. The fragments of more than 1,000 stone vessels of alabaster, schist, diorite, crystal, and basalt were recovered from the store-room adjacent to the burial, and over 3,000 pottery vessels, many of them inscribed with the name of King Uadji, were found undisturbed in the magazines of the substructure. With them were perfectly preserved baskets of grain and other cereals, with the remains of great sides of beef, bread, fruit, and other foods for the sustenance of the dead king in the after life. He also took his servants with him to serve him in death, as they had in life. We found sixty-two of them buried in rows of graves, beyond the enclosure walls, on the south, east, and west side of the tomb. There is no doubt that the servants were sacrificed and buried *en masse* at the time of the funeral of their master. The rows of graves were formed by a trench which was divided by cross walls into separate pits. Each burial, lying in a contracted position, was placed in a wooden coffin and surrounded by pottery vessels containing food and wine, together with other objects, probably indicative of their particular occupation or service. Each burial was surmounted by a mud brick superstructure with a rounded top and a door at the south end of the east side, through which the spirit of the sacrificed servant could emerge. Most of them were young men under twenty-five years of age, but eight were young women.

Although only a limited amount of First Dynasty material has, as yet, been scientifically examined, sufficient has been disclosed to show that a highly developed culture existed in the Nile Valley 3,000 years



Some of the 'bulls' heads' on the bench surrounding the superstructure of the tomb: the heads are made of clay, with real horns

before Christ. In assessing this culture, it must be realised that we are doing so only from the very scanty evidence which has survived 5,000 years of natural decay and deliberate destruction at the hand of man. The new tomb which I have described to you was at least 1,500 years old when Tutankhamen reigned in Egypt and the great temple of Karnak was in course of construction. Time and again, these tombs were plundered and re-plundered, and the great mud-brick structures are perforated with robbers' tunnels—so much so that they have been described as resembling a Gruyère cheese. As you can imagine, what we have found is only the rubbish left by generations of robbers; in fact we are, as it were, scraping the bottom of the barrel.

Through the long pre-dynastic period there is little sign of any radical change or development in the burial customs of the inhabitants of the Nile Valley. Distinctions in period are only apparent to the specialist through changes of design in pottery and other objects. The dead, rich and poor, were buried in a contracted position in shallow pit graves. Only the size of the grave and the quality and quantity of objects gave any clue to the status of the owner. There is no question that some of the cultural achievements of the Pharaonic Egyptians derive from the pre-dynastic peoples; but I think these are insufficient to constitute a background for the dynastic culture, and very much more evidence must be forthcoming before we can consider the evolution of the civilisation in the Nile Valley. It is, of course, possible that the highly developed architecture of the First Dynasty was the product of a superior people inhabiting the Delta area.

But the existence of such a people cannot be tested because constant flooding and agriculture in the Delta have destroyed entirely any remains of the archaic period. Also I think it would appear unlikely that such a civilisation could develop in the marshlands of the north, and suddenly impose itself on the southern valley. So that we are left with the hard fact that early in the third millennium B.C. the truly magnificent monuments of Sakkara, Abydos, Tarkhan, and Nagadeh arise with no apparent background. Undoubtedly they were built by a people with an advanced knowledge of architecture and with a mastery of construction in brick. It is also certain that, although they did not use stone to any great extent, they were no strangers to its use in building construction. For we have found tombs of the First Dynasty at Sakkara and at Helouan which have stone roofing pillars and wall linings of

well-dressed blocks weighing sometimes as much as three tons. The entrance passages to tombs of the later part of the First Dynasty were frequently blocked by great portcullis stones; some of these weighed over fifteen tons. Although they were hard sandstone, they bear the marks of having been worked with copper tools. Egyptians of that period found that even the hardest stones were not unworkable, and this is shown by the granite flooring of the tomb, or cenotaph, of the Pharaoh Udimu at Abydos.

Although the material is scanty, we now know that these people had a well-developed written language, a knowledge of the preparation of papyrus, a mastery in the carving of stone vessels, and an ability to manufacture an almost unlimited range of copper tools, from stone and wood saws to the finest needles. Their carved woodwork and ivory, particularly exemplified in some of the specimens from our recent discovery, was of the highest standard. Their artistic ability was undoubted; and the motifs in painting and sculpture which were to become characteristic of Pharaonic Egypt for 3,000 years had already appeared at this early period. All this plainly suggests the existence of a master race of superior culture, who gradually imposed their burial customs on the conquered mass of the population.

If we consider that the existence of the dynastic race, who brought Pharaonic civilisation to the Nile Valley, is proved, we must then ask: what was the dynastic race and where did it come from? Did it penetrate Egypt in a horde invasion, as suggested by Engelbach? Or did it infiltrate gradually, and more or less peacefully, over a long period? To find the answer to these questions is the object of our future research.

It is peculiarly fitting that the Egypt Exploration Society should have made this discovery this year, because University College, London, is now celebrating the centenary of Sir Flinders Petrie, the founder of scientific archaeological method in Egypt. The foundation of our knowledge of the First Dynasty really dates from 1899, when Petrie re-excavated the archaic necropolis at Abydos for the Egypt Exploration Society—or Fund, as it was then called. This was one, if not the greatest, of Petrie's achievements, and the successful re-opening of the society's work at Sakkara will form a continuation and development of this particular branch of Egyptological research, the foundations of which were so soundly laid down by Petrie more than fifty years ago.

—Third Programme

The Second South Pacific Conference

(continued from page 7)

visual aids in education were all singled out for attention; and some urged the commission to encourage universities to take an increasing interest in the history and traditions of the islands. Another point on which many laid emphasis was the relationship between the material aspects of development and the accompanying social conditions.

The early debates tended to be unduly formal and speeches were often entirely local in their application. The commission's experts, too, when called upon to speak, would give a formal explanation of their work that struck no fire. But gradually the conference settled down. Delegates brought their particular experience to bear upon general problems. Discussion began to acquire—though it never did completely—the character of a genuine debate. In this the increasing use of informal committees played an important part.

Many of the Polynesian delegates, of course, spoke frequently and with knowledge on many topics. Among the most impressive were the two women members of the conference from Polynesia. At times, delegates who had had least chance of mastering the ways of the modern world impressed their views on the conference by the deep sincerity of their desire for advancement. Few got a greater ovation than a chief from the New Hebrides. He said that his people had to leave their village to work among white men and he wanted them to be able to compete on equal terms. 'I am an old man and can only read and write in my own language; but I want my people to learn the white man's language . . . I want my people to learn manual skills. I want some of the boys to be carpenters . . .' Indeed, if there was one theme which dominated the conference it was the universal desire for the improvement of education in all its forms.

But the value of the conference could not be measured entirely in terms of debates and decisions in formal sessions. How far did the delegates get together in their spare time? There was obviously more

mixing than at the first conference three years before. The tendency for certain regional groups to form was still evident. Samoans, Cook Islanders, Fijians, and the delegate from Tonga were often together. But sometimes more diverse groups formed themselves—especially at meal times, during parties, or on excursions. All one can say, I think, is that the conference has begun to serve its purpose in this respect. The effect of living in New Caledonia for a few weeks, on the other hand, can be more precisely assessed. For the Polynesians—apart from the Tahitians—it mainly provided the novelty of trying to learn a little French and of buying presents in strange shops to take home. But for many of the Melanesians the experience was more startling. They rode in the same cars and buses as Europeans; they saw natives of New Caledonia living and working side by side with Europeans; and they talked to Europeans on terms of equality which only rarely exist for them at home. The colour bar will never seem quite so inevitable again.

In general, then, it can be said that the conference achieved its purpose. It did bring politicians and experts usefully together. But its success was a product of the general breaking down of cultural barriers between the Pacific Islanders and the western world. Its results, in turn, will not be limited to the matters which figured on its agenda. They will be seen in all aspects of life—political as well as non-political. Will the member nations of the South Pacific Commission be clear-headed enough, and liberal-minded enough, to see that it is well that this should be so? If they are guided by those who represent them on the commission there would seem little doubt that they will. Should that be the case, one will read a note of optimism, and not cynicism, into the shortest speech that was made during the conference, by a delegate from Nauru, when he said: 'I hope that what we have put on to paper the commission will put into practice. That is all'.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

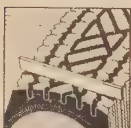
It's no illusion!



higher mileage
is a REALITY!



HIGHER MILEAGE
Avon's thicker and deeper tread gives many thousands of extra miles.



GREATER GRIP The wider Avon tread gives more road contact, extra bite.



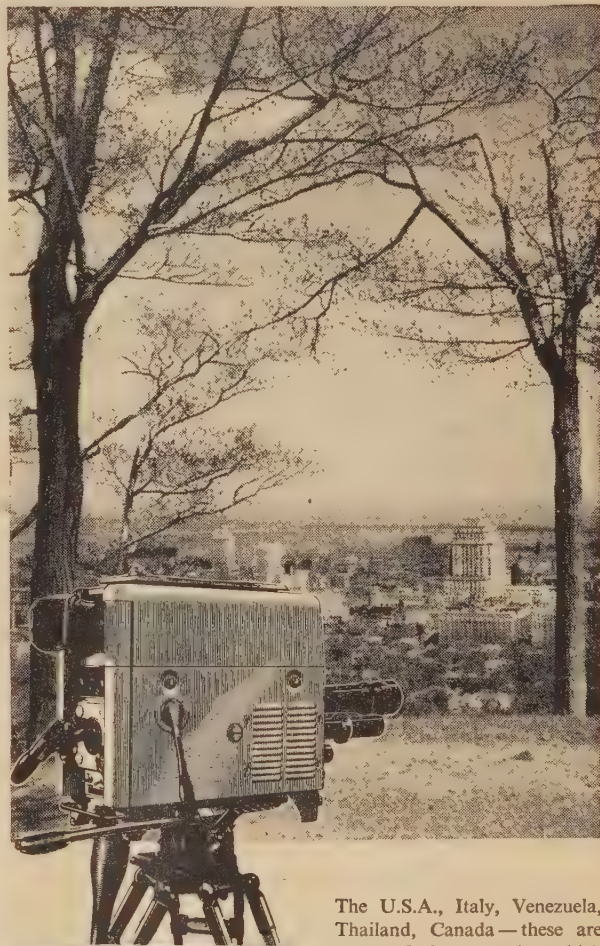
BETTER BRAKING Centre traction bars and multiple slots give extra stopping power.

Nothing could be more certain than Avon higher mileage! It was proved on the most modern test machine in Europe—and over 1½ million miles of road trials—long before the first H.M. tyre was sold. NOW thousands of motorists confirm the great money-saving qualities of this remarkable tyre. It can save you pounds every year.

Write for an illustrated folder "The Story behind the Greatest Development in Car Tyre Construction", sent free on request to The Avon India Rubber Co. Ltd., Melksham, Wilts.

AVON
H.M.

Marconi Television for Canada



Equipment supplied includes:

- Marconi Image Orthicon Cameras
- 5 kW vision transmitters
- 3 kW sound transmitters
- High-gain aerial systems
- Associated monitoring and control equipment

The U.S.A., Italy, Venezuela, Thailand, Canada—these are some of the countries which have specified Marconi television equipment.

In Canada, Montreal and Toronto already possess Marconi television studios installed by the Canadian Marconi Company. The new Marconi Transmitter for Ottawa is an important link in the T.V. chain planned by Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to span the entire country.

Marconi high or medium power transmitters, and high power aerials are installed in every one of the B.B.C.'s television transmitter stations.

MARCONI
television transmitting equipment

MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH CO LTD • CHELMSFORD • ESSEX

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Survey of International Affairs 1949-1950. By Peter Calvocoressi.

Documents on International Affairs 1949-1950. Selected and Edited by Margaret Carlyle.

Both Oxford. 52s. 6d. and 63s. respectively

MR. CALVOCORESSI IS TO BE congratulated on his second volume in the post-war series of *Surveys*. Like its predecessor it covers two years; but it reveals a greater mastery over the available material than did the earlier volume. The sections on European 'neutralism' and on the curiously equivocal attitude of British Governments towards the Council of Europe are outstanding examples of historical reporting. His closely summarised account of the Korean War could not be bettered, and is of particular value at this time. Altogether, it is an indispensable volume to all who take an intelligent interest in foreign affairs; although no doubt many potential buyers will be deterred by its price. The accompanying volume of documents, including some that are relatively unknown, is of the usual high standard; but its appeal is to the specialist rather than to the general reader.

Nevertheless, one or two caveats must be entered. They reflect neither upon the competence of the author, nor upon the value of his book, since they concern subjects on which there may well be a legitimate difference of opinion. It seems to the present reviewer that Mr. Calvocoressi, while seeking to be scrupulously fair to the two main protagonists in the cold war, is inclined (although to a much lesser degree than in his previous *Survey*) to attribute motives to Soviet foreign policy, in circumstances where motives can only be guessed at, and also to deduce from a series of events that certain 'decisions' have formally been taken. In discussing the blockade of Berlin, Mr. Calvocoressi writes: 'Moscow was anxious to put a stop . . . to the Berlin blockade . . . because its abandonment might induce the west to abandon on its side the creation of a west German State and of an Atlantic Alliance'. Or again, 'A decision to make a full-scale public attack on the Roman Catholic Church was taken during 1948'. Both statements may well be true; but evidence is lacking.

In dealing with the United States, Mr. Calvocoressi seems disposed to minimise the damaging consequences of some of the more heart-breaking of American diplomatic blunders. Two examples may be noted, both connected with the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. In reluctantly acquiescing in a German defence contribution, the French Government assumed that German units would be slowly integrated into an *existing* international force. The German contribution would be accepted by the Atlantic powers as a reward for German good behaviour. It is quite possible that this approach was doomed to inevitable failure; but in the event the French diplomatic position was blown up at the start of the negotiations by Mr. McCloy, the United States High Commissioner in Germany. In a speech delivered on the eve of a three-power conference called to discuss a German defence contribution (as recorded in the *Survey*), Mr. McCloy suggested the raising of ten German divisions, with their own officers. The effect of this singularly inept speech was to transfer the diplomatic initiative into Dr. Adenauer's hands. Instead of being faced with

the question of what he proposed to do about the defence of Germany, left defenceless by the terms of the Brussels Treaty, Dr. Adenauer was now officially told that western Europe could not be defended without his help. The French who thought to exact a price for giving the Germans the privilege of re-arming were now forced to join their western allies in offering them bribes to achieve that very purpose. In this context, Mr. Calvocoressi does less than justice to the difficulties facing the British Foreign Secretary. As is well known, Mr. Bevin was strongly opposed to the re-creation of a German army in any form, up to that fateful meeting in New York in September 1950. Two compelling arguments forced him to retreat: first, Congressional appropriations for European defence might not be forthcoming if German manpower were left in defenceless idleness while the rest of the western world re-armed; secondly, and perhaps more important, the defence of western Europe, as postulated by the Brussels Treaty, ended on the Rhine and so abandoned a great part of The Netherlands to a potential aggressor. Of all European governments—and all still bore the scars of German brutality—the Netherlands, therefore, proved the least reluctant to consider a German defence contribution, since Germany would provide the manpower to shift the defence line well beyond the Rhine. In the face of this argument, Mr. Bevin capitulated.

The second American diplomatic blunder was over the Scandinavian Defence Pact. In their attempt to square national defence with non-membership of Nato, the Swedish Government wanted the Norwegian and Danish Governments to join them in a Scandinavian Defence Treaty. While the talks were still under way, Washington announced that arms would not be available to countries outside the North Atlantic Treaty. This announcement was a major factor in the collapse of the negotiations, and not, as Mr. Calvocoressi suggests, incidental to it. If they had collapsed without American pressure, as well they might, there would have been fewer hesitations than there were in Norway and Denmark about joining Nato.

The Chronicle of Private Henry Metcalfe, H.M. 32nd Regiment of Foot. Edited by Lieut-General Sir Francis Tuker. With a Foreword by Field-Marshal Sir William Slim. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

This little book, dedicated to 'all good infantrymen', is printed from the manuscript of the chronicle of a private in the 32nd Foot, the regiment which bore the brunt of the defence of Lucknow in the Indian Mutiny. It is a genuine, unpolished account by an infantryman of 100 years ago which has a value beyond its highly personal account of the siege in its picture of what it was like to be a soldier at that time. If the history of the British Army is ever to be adequately written, it will be essential to know far more than is known at present about the attitude of the men themselves. Almost all the evidence dealing with the soldiers' life and outlook in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries comes from the officers in charge of them—an often far from impartial source. If diaries and letters written by the men do still exist, whether in regimental archives or in private possession, it is imperative that their existence be recorded, and that they be brought to light, as some recently have been. 'Drum and Trum-

pet' history will then acquire a spontaneous verisimilitude at present denied it, and monotony, boredom, and inertia (and the major administrative problems they present) will receive their proper acknowledgment in military activities. The real character of the British soldier, rather than the 'brutal and licentious' parody that has too long been inflicted upon the reader of military history, will also then appear.

The Anatomy of Revolution

By Crane Brinton. Cape. 35s.

Revolution is the prevailing idea, the catchword, of our age. We live in the midst of revolution, we do our historical thinking in terms of revolution, and write books about revolution. We are no longer divided between those who think revolution good and those who think revolution bad; we have all accepted it as one of our basic categories. But a new division has declared itself: between those who treat the revolutions of history as items in a continuous process, complementing and completing one another, and those who treat revolutions as recurrent phenomena breaking in on the course of history, exhibiting similarities to one another but no continuity, and tending, once they have receded, to leave things much as they were.

The first school includes the thinkers and philosophers associated with the French Revolution from whom, indeed, the whole nineteenth-century conception of progress in history may be said to arise. It embraced not only Marx, who was, all in all, a child of the French Revolution (and who was the coiner of the phrase 'permanent revolution'), but all advanced radical thinkers who accepted without question the assumption that history was going somewhere. The second view—of revolution as a recurrent phenomenon—is rooted in an attitude to history which is at least as old as Greco-Roman civilisation, but owes its modern revival largely to the inspiration of Oswald Spengler. On this assumption revolutions are things that happen periodically in history, being traceable to recognisably similar causes and following recognisably similar courses. To generalise about revolutions is therefore eminently the function of a historian.

Mr. Crane Brinton, who is a professor of history at Harvard, belongs to this second school. His *Anatomy of Revolution* first appeared in the United States before the war; it is now published for the first time in this country in a much revised and re-written edition—unfortunately at the exorbitant price (for Professor Brinton is a commendably terse writer, and this is not a long book) associated with American books sold in Great Britain. It is based on a study of the four major revolutions of modern history—the English revolution of the seventeenth century, the French and American revolutions of the eighteenth century, and the Russian revolution of the twentieth. Professor Brinton, a moderate and undogmatic historian, deprecates the search for any constant archetype of revolution—'a kind of Platonic idea of revolution'. He is content to analyse and bring out some of the 'uniformities' which most or all of these revolutions conspicuously display. Like a botanist strolling through the countryside he ranges across the great open spaces of modern history culling his specimens and classifying them neatly side by side.

The method, pursued by Professor Brinton's persuasive moderation, yields interesting results. He points out, for example, that revolutions are not made by the down-and-outs, but by a class

that is on its way up, but is not coming up fast enough and is conscious of intolerable obstacles to its further ascent. Marx discovered the same truth when he spoke contemptuously of the revolutionary qualities of the *Lumpen-proletariat*, though he afterwards got into ideological trouble by predicting the increasing misery of the working class under capitalism. More commonplace, but also more certainly uniform, is the extrusion of the moderates by the extremists as the revolution reaches the point of maximum danger, and the so-called 'Thermidorian' reaction which follows the culmination of its attainment. The association between 'terror' and 'virtue' is another constant factor which gives room for thought about the mutual relations of idealism and fanaticism. It is also true that revolutions, when they have worked themselves out, appear to lead back to much of the familiar landscape which, in the first moment of enthusiasm, seemed to have been abandoned for ever. The English revolution ended in a Restoration; Tocqueville showed how much of the *ancien régime* survived the French revolution; we are busy today diagnosing Russian nationalism as the final legacy of the Bolshevik revolution. Professor Brinton has missed a chance in not working out this idea in its application to the American revolution.

Here one might be content to leave a readable and pleasantly instructive book—except for the temptation to note that Professor Brinton's would-be scientific detachment rests on a perfectly precise political standpoint. Professor Brinton is a broad-minded and enlightened conservative who takes pleasure in pointing out that all the idealism and utopianism which inspire revolutions at the outset ultimately run out in the sand, having wrought a good deal of havoc on the way. Revolutions are periodical disturbances of the equilibrium or the products of such disturbances; they are sometimes—let us give them their due—necessary and salutary shake-ups. But it is a mistake to suppose that they really achieve anything or lead anywhere in particular. When the tumult and shouting is finished, the sage observer can look back and discover that everything is much as it was.

This perhaps explains why Professor Brinton finds a certain amount of obvious discomfort in fitting the Russian revolution into his scheme of things. He notes that the other three revolutions on his agenda were, in Marxist terminology, 'bourgeois' revolutions, the Russian revolution, alone 'proletarian'—a label which, however misleading, does indicate a change in character. It seems after all as if history has moved on a little, and revolutions are no longer quite what they were. Nor, if Russia has not been really 'revolutionised', and what we are confronted with today is merely a recrudescence of Russian nineteenth-century nationalism, is it clear what all the fuss is about. Our great-grandfathers lost an unnecessary amount of sleep over the fear of Russian aggression. Are our current apprehensions of communist infiltration and Russian spy-rings simply a repetition of the same hysteria? Perhaps that is Professor Brinton's real point; perhaps his book can best be read as the rationalisation of a distaste, which can no longer be openly expressed, for those American policies that have led to Macarthy and McCarran.

Mr. Tompkins Learns the Facts of Life

By George Gamow.

Cambridge. 12s. 6d.

French without tears, chess in ten easy lessons, fun with figures—the layman is constantly wooed with promises that he can learn without effort. Does he believe it, and how often is he disappointed? If, more sceptical, he expects to

devote concentration and time to the mastery of a new technical subject, does he still prefer the story-book or dialogue presentation to the straight-forward treatise? Here is a subject for the Gallup Poll.

The Syndics of the Cambridge Press must be confident of the answer, for this is the third book in the Mr. Tompkins series. He has already explored the worlds of relativity and of nuclear physics and now turns to biology. Certainly Professor Gamow is a master of popular exposition and he succeeds, where so many fail, in putting into Mr. Tompkins' mouth the very questions that the reader is wanting to ask.

Do you understand genes and chromosomes, the analogy between the human and the electronic brain, photosynthesis, entropy and the mysteries of blood groups and cell-division? Travel with Tompkins through the blood-stream reclining on an erythrocyte, dream with him in the Electronic Brain Laboratory, listen with him to the Professor's lecture on the vitalistic and mechanistic theories of life, and all will be made clear to you. Failing this, your interest may be stimulated to the point where a visit to the library for the straight facts becomes urgent. For more Professor Gamow probably would not hope.

His book is attractively written, and pleasantly produced, but his own illustrations in the text, though reasonably clear, are quite the ugliest imaginable and his picture of the Brain Mirror is a nightmare.

A Mask for Janus. By W. S. Merwin.
Oxford. 16s.

Springtime. Edited by G. S. Fraser
and Iain Fletcher.

Peter Owen. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Merwin is a young American poet who has lived recently in Europe and whose work has been appearing in English periodicals. This collection, his first, was published in America last year and is a welcome import, though as a whole it does not quite fulfil the expectation aroused by individual poems. As Mr. W. H. Auden points out in his Foreword (a collector's piece for Auden connoisseurs), Mr. Merwin's poetry is a product of the shift in interest during the last fifteen years from the 'occasional' to the 'mythological'. Mr. Auden speaks plausibly of this shift as 'probably a fortunate one', especially for a young poet, and certainly the general terms of Mr. Merwin's best poems enable him to achieve a maturity and poise remarkable in a writer in his early twenties—see, for instance, a poem called 'Dictum: For a Masque of Deluge', which begins:

There will be the cough before the silence, then
Expectation; and the hush of portent
Must be welcomed by a diffident music
Lisping and dividing its renewals . . .

All the same, a poet cannot always be writing 'best' poems, and when Mr. Merwin fails to find the precise, the striking analogue for his myth his verse tends to be dull and difficult—in that peculiarly American, needlessly portentous manner that always fails to ring bells this side of the Atlantic. But he is never obvious and, what is more important, his skill never deserts him. Many of these poems are virtuoso exercises in contemporary verse technique—not merely or mainly those in strict forms (the two sestinas or the brilliant poem with one rhyme, for example) but also those where, less obviously, the experimenting is with the quatrain and the short line. Accomplishment of this kind, rather than the grand line (of which, nevertheless, Mr. Merwin is frequently capable), is what makes for promise in a first book of poems, and *A Mask for Janus* must undoubtedly not be missed.

Springtime, an anthology of poems, prose poems and translations, seems to have set out with the worthy and timely idea of giving the youngest English poets a wider and less rickety platform than the feebly-edited periodicals where these days they are condemned to appear. Unfortunately, the collection has been diluted with names that lend it sometimes almost an autumnal tint. If the class of 1913 or thereabouts had been excluded there would have been room for more poems from the genuinely young poets who look interesting but who have been permitted insufficient space to display themselves adequately—Mr. Thom Gunn, for example, and Mr. Bernard Bergonzi. Other poets make their impression—Mr. Fergus Allen, Mr. Thomas Blackburn, Mr. Philip Larkin—but they are in their early thirties. The editors have cast their net conscientiously wide, but the truth seems to be that the fresh fish are few and very small. Still, *Springtime* is probably a better anthology than could have been compiled (and would have been published) five years ago from similar material, and deserves to be read.

Carracci Drawings at Windsor Castle
By Rudolf Wittkower.

Phaidon. 3 gns.

Annibale Carracci is not a simple artist or an easy one. Few painters, certainly very few English ones, visit the Farnese Gallery now. Among visitors the French, whose embassy the palace is, are in the majority—and they have contrived, in their incomparable fashion, almost to naturalise Annibale and make him their own. That is, in a way, appropriate. The particular kind of sensibility which, confronted with the task of decorating a huge vault, seems to have found something slightly barbaric and repugnant in the very business of imposing painting upon architecture, has few parallels in Italian art. In the Farnese Gallery the ostensible 'pictures', detached from the architecture in their own (painted) gilt frames, are the least part of the scheme; the architectural motives, the grisaille atlantes, decorated cornices and *terre verte* plaques, continue behind them unaffected.

Bridging the gap between painting and architecture are the wonderful seated nudes. They belong to the room, yet they are representatives of the heroic picture world from which they have escaped; they interpret each to the other. Finally, the architecture itself is pierced (to reveal the great lovers of antiquity), and through its openings we see the amplitude of another existence, and another kind of painting, a demonstration, as it were, that colour and love are after all the natural order of things. This infinitely civilised poetic compromise, reconciling architecture and representation with the subtlest resources of deceptive art, remains, in spite of its imitations, unique. The Farnese Gallery is one of the very few masterpieces in any art which bear conspicuously and for ever the marks of extreme sophistication. Indeed, in this magnitude, it is hard to think of more than one other. And if Roman society bred a Proust, as it well might, it is surely here that he would discover, perhaps more appropriately, a sufficient basis for all the meditations which, as it happened, were founded on Monet, Vermeer and the rest.

Even this is by no means the whole of Annibale Carracci. Beside his public aspects we have to consider the equally remarkable private styles, his continued interest in genre, for instance, and pictures like the 'Man and Ape' in the Uffizi, which makes Caravaggio's work of the time look academic. The clues to enable us to put this personality together must come, as so often, from the drawings. Drawings often show us a painter's art in its pure, essential

form and Annibale's are invariably full of a peculiarly personal energy of hand and eye. Nobody who has known his drawing can ever have despised him, and Professor Wittkower's book will be the best and most lasting defence against the injustices which he has suffered in the last hundred years. This catalogue, with its admirable introduction, in fact forms the only substantial monograph on Annibale in existence. Professor Wittkower's initial achievement in establishing a canon may be measured by the fact that the single well-known drawing in the group, the head of a bearded man in three

chalks, is now seen to be by no means certainly by Annibale at all: (no doubt someone better qualified than the reviewer has considered whether it is not nearer to Taddeo Zuccaro in style and date). The Windsor drawings cover almost the whole range of Annibale's work; only such large studies for the Farnese nudes as exist in the Louvre and Lord Ellesmere's collection are absent. They form a memorable and wonderful series, and Professor Wittkower's study, which is as apt for pleasure as for use, pays them the long-awaited tribute that they deserve.

This book is, moreover, a long step towards

a critical study in a wider field, a study of just what the classical technique of painting from drawings meant. We are in the way of knowing *how* it was done. It remains to comprehend and value the essence of it, the process of imagining and re-imagining which continued, seemingly almost endlessly, until at last, through an inherent logic and a grace of spirit, the end was reached and the absolute focus was realised, sharp as a cutting edge. When this process is understood we shall know much about the real objectivity of art. It is a study which leads, for painters as much as anyone, back to the Farnese Gallery.

New Novels

The Devil that Failed. By Maurice Samuel. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

The Dynamite Factory. By Maxence van der Meersch. Kimber. 12s. 6d.

Calypso. By Humphrey Slater. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

THE novel-reviewer today is a sort of Cinderella among his colleagues. Perusal of the reputable weeklies, the Sunday papers, the library lists, shows the grand names of criticism engaged on anything but works of the imagination. Ants, underwater conches, barnacles, balloons, sub-molluscs, these scientific minutiae, together with the steady ten-thousand-selling copy biography (or better still autobiography), are the subjects on which our first-class critical minds exercise themselves. Is this another sign of the Atomic Age? Are the Humanities really doomed? Are novels the easiest things to write—and therefore the worst? Is Science rampant in Literature too? Although I cannot feel this—believing firmly that the creation of flesh-and-blood beings is still the highest form of prose activity—it is difficult, when the novel-reviewer is confronted monthly by sixty-odd new titles, not to feel (as the experts imply) that over-production is synonymous with under-achievement. And yet the three novels reviewed here, chosen more or less at random from the mass, are all worth reading. (The first, incidentally, delivers an attack on the scientists; while the second turns from them in despair to orthodox religion.)

Imagine you woke up one morning to find that owing to a distressing glandular complaint you had become a giant—thirteen feet high, weighing nearly a ton, surrounded by gaping, data-avid scientists and nurses—what would you do? Mr. Samuel, in *The Devil that Failed*, tells us how embarrassing it will be having our toenails cut by pretty nurses with garden-shears. Gulliver, Gargantua, Goliath, Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum—in the menagerie of freaks, twelve-fingered Mongoloids, hydrocephalous Siamese Twins, there have always been plenty of giants for literary men to attack society with. And Mr. Samuel, who clearly has in mind those disreputable Germans, ever ready to make experiments with other people's glands, here employs a 2,000 lb. monster to attack the twentieth century—which carries out such rude experiments.

He tells his story well. But even fantasy, if it is to be literature, must remain close to the emotions of human beings (Gargantua and Gulliver are fascinating less because they are freaks than because, through them, we see the monstrosities of our own souls); and Mr. Samuel has not drawn his giant in these terms, but partly in those of Freudian—Jungian—Kraft-Ebbinghaus psychoanalytical research, partly in terms of ballistics—modern jungles in which even a giant gets lost, however skilfully led. His enumeration, for instance, of the metric, square and cubic coefficients of his pet become wearisome. When he says, '... if he jumps off a height of sixty-four feet, he lands

with a speed of sixty-four feet a second. Sixty times sixty-four, that's thirty-six hundred about. That's twelve hundred yards, that's two-thirds of a mile. He'll land with a speed of forty miles an hour...'—when he says this (and he does so often) we reach, not for our log-tables, but for the humane-killer. In short, this attack on the gland-tamperers, although admirably planned, with a most ingenious *dénouement*, does not quite succeed because, instead of mocking, Mr. Samuel uses the scientists' own heavy, dry, buckram, packing-paper method. But it is a gallant failure. By all who distrust the Humanities it should be read.

The next writer—who flees from, rather than attacks, science—also seems to confuse solemnity with profundity. In Mr. van der Meersch's competent novel about suicide, death and desertion we live, as in *Germinal*, in the mines and factories of northern France, manufacturing, of all depressing things, dynamite! Add to this that one of the main characters is dying of consumption while his wife carries on a furtive factory adultery with a lover who comes to her on a motor-bike (his job is to draw up reports on chemical manure)—and we are almost ready to commit suicide ourselves. Indeed, if you wished to distil the blank greyness of the plains of Picardy, the interminable slag-heaps and cement-walled villas of Lens and Poperinghe, the architectural nothingness of that *Nord* of France—if you wished to distil this into prose, I would refer you to Mr. van der Meersch. With the deepest feeling, he depicts the spiritual Calvary of a sceptical engineer who has pinned all his faith in Work, Science, and Progress—only to find it is not enough. The story ends in a monastery with his hero making, in spite of himself, the sign of the Cross.

How you will respond to his book, *The Dynamite Factory*, depends largely, I suppose, on how you respond to the statement, 'There is still fun to be had in life'. Mr. van der Meersch says quite definitely that there isn't. In this Vale of Tears, he says, there is only one road, that of the Cross, along which his hero trudges, while a son blows his brains out and a wife dies from a revolting, lingering disease. The hero is the director of an explosives factory, so that, skillfully wedded to the mounting emotional tension, is a physical one—the thermometer rising in the nitro-glycerine room next door. The smallest vibration will at any moment send Siméon Bramberger, his family and all their sorrows, to Kingdom Come.

The Evangelicalism of this book clearly offends against artistic canons. But the author tells his story so well that we are not really aware of it until near the end when, unable to control his zeal, he begins quoting Pascal and

Thomas à Kempis in frenzied fashion. The French can be a very lugubrious race when they try. Remove from them the sun and the vineyards, replace the olive by the repetitive poplar, put them up in that flat north-east corner, with a wet wind blowing in from the dunes, a cloud or two scudding overhead—and they are, for me, so many Lancastrians. Lille is Liverpool and Bapaume Bolton. Nevinston lives again. This tale might be about Baptist revival in a mustard-gas factory in St. Helens. But it runs smoothly on from beginning to end, a memorable portrait of suffering humanity with its stoical, Jansenist hero. But, I wonder—is not such *unrelenting* gloom out of place in an art which was originally intended to make glad the heart of man?

After all this misery, Mr. Slater's novel, *Calypso*, should come as a relief. Frivolity and facetiousness mark his smart little tale about lust and crime in and on various cities, beaches, bathrooms and studios. It trips along quite gaily in London, Provence and Florence, without our becoming particularly interested in any of the characters, who are mostly lotus-eating intellectuals, drunks and near-criminals. The heroine is a resurrected early-twenties flibbertigibbet who elopes with a no-good to the south of France. Her amorous adventures provide the theme of the book. In the opening scenes in London, a great deal of alcohol is drunk (about eight bottles a chapter); we then turn to crime and witness the astonishing recreations of the prisoners in a Provençal gaol. Later, a Tuscan peasant woman is strangled by the heroine's latest lover, a poet, who also steals from offertory boxes. The tale ends with him being tracked by the police who shoot, in error, the heroine instead.

There are some good individual scenes in this book—the Provençal prison, low-life in the bars and *cafés* the author seems to know so well. And the second part is intended, I fancy, to show the heroine in a new light, thirty years on, a respectable lady helping struggling poets. But Mr. Slater has not the gift of pity to go with his considerable satirical gifts. It is comparatively easy to portray immoral people (the good ones are apt to degenerate into angels), but a series of bad, immoral characters requires at least one nice person, if only to throw them into relief. Mr. Slater fails to achieve this. The cruelty of his characters comes through even when he tries to be mild. He aimed, with his *femme fatale*, at the light-hearted naughtiness of, say, Fragonard—powder and panniers and lace ruffles laughing on a garden-swing, or languishing in a chaise-longue. But he has only achieved something smelling of the warm odour of an unmade bed.

ANTHONY RHODES

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

The Personality Factor

THERE ARE PEOPLE who say that a sombre fate overhangs the sub-continent of India, that a finally desolating famine must come and that only some such cataclysm of nature can ensure a better future for the Indians, whose reproductive urge, it is argued, is building up its own dynamic of destruction. No hint of a biological imperative as peremptory as that has been given so far in the series called 'India's Challenge', in which Aidan Crawley has been telling us how India is using western democratic ideas and technique to procure political stability now and economic self-sufficiency later on.

A documentary series such as this is a valuable counterweight to the fripperies and frolics which encourage impatience with television in those who think as against those who are capable only of sentimental cerebration. These programmes have a firmness of intention, a depth, a factual scrupulousness, which make them impressive even when they rely on occasionally amateurish film. They show the power of television to draw on more resources and skills than any other medium of communication and to weld them into a single unique informative and instructional operation.

Here was the stuff of contemporary world history, raw and vivid, pullulating in the sunshine, a vast unheeding human mass whose torrid fecundity is creating problems which democratic practice may be quite unable to solve. Meanwhile, we saw that the experiment is being tried, that it is inspiring an enormously painstaking process of political education, that England's Indian legatees are far from despising their inheritance. Whether it can save them is another question. We were reassured; we were also disturbed. There seemed to be despair in the face of the Untouchables' leader, Dr. Ambedkar, shown to us in a remarkable interview.

Aidan Crawley brackets with Christopher Mayhew as one of expository television's most effective speakers. My preference is for Crawley's less rigid style, though I can appreciate Mayhew's sure grasp of his facts. We are faced again with the proposition that the personality

factor in television is of mounting significance to us all. That it will have to bear the weight of an increasing number of programmes using what the B.B.C. professionals call the 'talks' approach seems fairly certain. Where does the thing called charm come in? It can hardly be claimed that the two men named typify what most of us mean by it. Where, too, the Conservatives? In factual television their only retort



Aidan Crawley speaking in 'India's Challenge' on June 22

so far has been in the person of Peter Smithers, M.P., who comes back to mind as having the three-initials-and-a-blazer kind of charm which goes with a chronic refusal to take oneself too seriously, that most fatuous of human errors. His European excursions, as I recall them, brought us picturesque shots of ancient ram-parted towns and sometimes stimulating interviews with the inhabitants, but not the weight of authority which distinguished Crawley's programme or Mayhew's commentaries. When we reflect that after all its experience B.B.C. television has produced only one outstanding voice to describe its great public occasions we realise the imperious underlying television's traffic with personality.

The Test Match at Lord's gave us some dull moments, most of them beguiled for me by the verbal persuasiveness of Brian Johnston and Peter West, with Bert Oldfield, of Australia, chipping in when invited and using a literary vocabulary as to the manner born. The same

evening, to slip in that flaming bonfire picture for an interlude.

Fine pictures came to us out of Scotland during the Queen's visit, especially those of the Argyle and Sutherlands in the grounds of Holyrood. We did not know, many of us in the south, that these Highlanders on the march can rival the Guards in perfection of movement and smartness of bearing. The cameras left us in no doubt of it. As for the commentators, the local boy with the microphone, Macdonald Daly, sadly failed to make good. It was the intruding Englishmen, Richard Dumbleby and Berkeley Smith, who showed how it should be done.

For one of her late-night extras Joan Gilbert popped up with Frank Sinatra, the singer who apparently in his time has shared with devitalised white flour the capability of producing hysteria in human beings. He seemed a thoroughly harmless fellow who might have been equal to more searching questions. Those put to him were feeble and gave him no chance to display more than his friendly melon-slice of a smile.

And now I want to know who decided, on a recent stifflingly hot

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

From the French

A DEAR OLD SOUL, after viewing a film of 'The Scarlet Pimpernel', with scenes of the Terror, was heard to observe that if that was how they went on in France, she was glad she lived in Bexhill. Some such thoughts may have occurred in some minds last week when we had an unconscionable amount of rather lukewarm French drama. The odd thing is that I believe most Frenchmen would have thought these very minor pieces were essentially English.

So much for national misunderstanding: what about entertainment values? Most of my colleagues seem to have taken a very stern view of 'The Road' which is J.-J. Bernard's 'Nationale 6'. It was never a great play and



As seen on the screen: the State Visit to Scotland—Her Majesty, with the Duke of Edinburgh, driving to the National Service of Thanksgiving and Dedication in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh; and the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland preaching the sermon. Right: two views during the ceremony of the presentation by the Queen of new colours to the First Battalion, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders

Photographs: John Cura



'Holiday in Biarritz', with Desmond Jordan as Charles, Louise Hampton as Mme. Dupont, James Hayter as Georges Dupont, and Mairni Russell as Thérèse



'The Servant', a play on the life and death of Joan of Arc, with Arthur Young as Monseigneur the Grand Chancellor and Archbishop of Rheims, and Pamela Alan as Joan

now that everyone, especially in France, is in full reaction against Bernard's 'theatre of the unspoken thought', now that everyone is talking again at the top of his voice and saying almost anything rather than nothing, in a dramatic crisis of volubility, it is hardly surprising if the little tale seems out of date. One can't, also, stop thinking how well Barrie would have done it; or how Chekhov could have suggested all this in a couple of throw-away characters at the back of one of his country-house groups.

It is not, I say, a very good play; though, speaking as one who has had the misfortune to 'adjudicate' it in competition, I see that it might be better done than it was here. Miss Josephine Griffin had a good shot at the fancy-minded *ingénue*—a type more breathless and irritating in the French theatre than in ours. Mr. Wilfrid Lawson was frankly rather disconcerting as the old and ineffectual papa. Ineffectuality was not what was suggested. The distressing misunderstanding, when the girl who thinks she is being wooed by the young man is actually being approached by his father, makes quite a good scene and Mr. Peter Cushing did it well. But Mr. Bryan Forbes, though catching the dullness of the young puppy son well enough, was only negative. No, if one examines the parts of the performance and Mr. Peter Cotes' carefully worked out direction, one sees that there were virtues, but something else inherently wrong; namely, that the television screen cannot 'hold a mood' in the way that a stage can. A word half-spoken on a stage can go on spreading ripples like a stone dropped into a lake. Somehow one does not get such an effect on the television screen, as yet.

As luck or planning would have it, the next play was also about people staring sadly at what Americans call transportation. James Hayter was the stationmaster who longed to go to 'Holiday in Biarritz'. But, come Sunday, we were plunged into a very different world; an exceedingly wordy pageant play of the events leading up to the agony of Joan of Arc.

'The Servant', by Mme. Marcelle-Maurette, was produced by Douglas Allen and acted, with great

sincerity, by a large cast led by Pamela Alan, whose fervent voice, tragic eyes and rough cropped head often made a striking picture on the screen—though without ever achieving anything so pictorially effective as the lingering 'shots' in Dryer's great film, 'The Passion of Joan of Arc', with Falconetti.

What must immediately have repelled many viewers was the stagey stylisation of this production, which was played in the sort of mock-up cathedral steps where pageants are so often doomed to be enacted; before not always steady magic lantern slides in a sort of illuminated goldfish bowl. Sometimes the producer brought off an excellent stroke, swimming his characters into a dramatic space without locality or time. Several times, as where Joan spoke to the sleeping soldiers at Compiègne, he brought off an entirely successful television equivalent of a stage trick; but quite often we seemed simply to be moving rather clumsily about among the performers of a pageant, with the emotional emphasis often all miscalculated and a general uncertainty as to where a point had been sufficiently made. And then the language—let alone the ideas which it sought to express! On the

whole, I fear, this many-scened examination of Joan did not add up to a character of much save adventitious interest. Because we knew it was about Joan of Arc we watched with respect. But the conviction which Bernard Shaw achieved with his account (even if that is not quite consistent itself) was not found here for one second.

Before it we had yet another French heroine; the girl in Gautier's poem 'Le Spectre de la Rose'. This was most disappointing. Fokine's ballet 'dates' and now seems a flat interpretation of Weber's bouncing waltz. Here, nothing was done to give us the feel of *ballon* in the dance; one had no sense of the tension or poetry at all.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Strong Men

SOME WHO HAD THOUGHT of Cecil Rhodes only in the terms of Kipling's farewell ('Nations, not words, he linked to prove his faith before the crowd'), may have been puzzled by the first half of Sunday's feature, 'Colossus' (Home). It seemed to be almost perfunctory, a dab here, a peck there. Then, suddenly, the outline of the African continent shaped itself boldly in the mind. Rhodes became a personage, the map strengthening behind him; during the last thirty minutes we had no doubt that we were listening to that determined, brooding dreamer for whom the needle quivered always to the north. It was as if the compilers, Denis Mitchell and S. Barnett Potter, and the actor (Howard Marion-Crawford), after loitering through the preliminaries as a matter of duty, had found themselves 'translated'. Much of the second half was potently imaginative in its radio-shorthand. Here, in the responsive and expanding mind, were 'the great spaces washed with sun'; here the conference with the Matabele; here at length, on the granite hilltop in the Matoppos, Rhodes' burial, impressively suggested; by then persuasion was com-



'The Honours of Scotland', with (left to right) Caven Watson as Jock, Hugh Stewart as Neish, Cynthia Simmons as Ann Scott, Willoughby Gray as Sir Hector MacLan, Molly Rankin as Lady Scott, Duncan McIntyre as Sir Walter Scott, Iris Russell as Flora MacLan, and Vari Falconer as Sophia

plete, and the last perilous Matabele salute could not jar.

The narrator, Hugh Burden, did a lot for the evening. He held the pace, especially in that first half, when it would have been fatal for her to have drifted us into slumber or to have flicked out the goblets of information casually. Mr. Burden kept the narrative prickling with life. In the feature itself we expected more from Dr. Jamieson; the part was not developed, and the actor gulped his speech on the arrival of Rhodes' telegram. But there was an acceptable Lobengula; one had to like a monarch who could begin a letter with the words, 'Queen Victoria, what I want to know from you is . . .', and who called Rhodes 'the big brother who eats up countries for his breakfast'; just a way of varying the poet's 'And unimagined Empires draw to council 'neath his skies'.

We are meeting another brand of strong man week by week. He is Mr. Rochester, Master of Thornfield, with his 'grim mouth, chin, and jaw': Charlotte Brontë's Rochester, to whom Reginald Tate gives the right sombre-romantic aloofness (there is distant thunder in the air). Barbara Couper has transferred the book expertly to radio: it is reasonable to let Jane narrate for herself in those solemnly stilted periods (she sought, we remember, 'to extirpate from my soul the germs of love there detected'). Miss Couper has now mounted one awkward fence; we have got over the passage in which Blanche Ingram ('an accomplished lady of rank') is first on view at Thornfield. In general, the 'Jane Eyre' serial (Home) keeps its drive: as produced by Howard Rose, with Belle Chrystall at ease with Jane, it thrusts steadily forward, giving more of the weight and 'feel' of the novel than a ninety-minutes' compression, however able, could ever hope to manage.

Miss Eyre would have sympathised with the much later Miss Roberts of 'The Mollusc' (Home). Miss Roberts is also a governess: her period is 1907, and she is in Hubert Henry Davies' comedy of the selfish woman—the employer-mollusc of the title—who is limp and who clings. It is a feather-comedy that floats blithely on the air, though in another ten minutes attention might have wavered. As it was, we greeted Sonia Dresdel's 'mollusc' (her tones like gummy velvet); Olive Gregg in desperate rebellion; and Ronald Simpson and Andrew Cruickshank, who filled out husband and brother. The brother, a moderately strong man from Colorado, is a stencil-figure popular with the Edwardians. (Compare the brother-from-Rhodesia in Somerset Maugham's 'Smith', from 1909, who comes back and marries the parlour-maid.) A fourth strong man turned up in 'Bedtime with Braden' (Home): he is the wisp of straw Braden tries to pass off as a Goliath. Alas, the fellow lacks showmanship: if the iron bar he is about to snap has been almost sawn in half beforehand, he insists upon mentioning it.

That gently mad programme ended with Braden advertising the sale of air, 'the new wonder product with a thousand uses'. Agreed; but I am not sure that the broadcast of 'Colombe' (Third) was absolutely essential. Wilfrid Grantham produced it subtly (opening now in the barrack-room of Julien's military camp), but it is minor Anouilh: we can have too much of this at first compelling, but later all-too-repetitive, dramatic, ready—like Jane—to 'extirpate from the soul the germs of love there detected'. Margaret Ward, as Colombe herself, lingers most clearly. A couple of mild comedies, 'The Same Story' and 'Two Dozen Red Roses' (both Home) shared one thing: an Italian setting. The first play, by William Templeton, had a slow charm; the second, from an Italian original, seemed to be overblown. Not a Strong Man audible in either.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Home and Foreign

IF A VISITOR from abroad had shared my listening last week he would have picked up one or two instructive sidelights on the curious phenomenon the British. He would have heard males and females of the species arguing about the position and functions of women, followed for half an hour the elaborate mechanism by which the police trace a lost child in one of their towns, heard private impressions of the coronations of five of their kings and two of their queens, learned some of the formidable problems involved in running a club for the tougher British youth, and, most strange and puzzling of all, would have been given a glimpse into the intricacies and absurdities of English slang.

Mary Stock was guest speaker at a discussion in Manchester by the Fifty-One Society on the subject of 'Women in the Modern World', under a chairman, Norman Fisher, who was everything that a chairman ought to be. It is a theme which sometimes produces ponderous earnestness, violently emotive argument, and frayed tempers, but this was a serious, lively, and frequently a highly amusing discussion in which sharp differences of view were voiced and some shrewd knocks given and taken with exemplary good-humour. Mr. Fisher neatly disengaged the common factors from the tangle of diverse opinion.

The function of the woman in 'A Child is Missing' (No. 3 of the Light Programme Series 'Special Duty') was to emit a series of sobs, gasps, and hardly coherent phrases; but no wonder, since she was the mum of the missing brat. We heard the fanning out of 'phone messages from police headquarters till it seemed that the whole city, the whole county, was in pursuit of this small needle in this enormous haystack. At one moment it seemed that we had run the creature to ground, or rather to water, in a canal. But no! She was fished, alive and kicking, off a lorry and restored to her parents in the small hours. It was an instructive, reassuring, and terrifically exciting half-hour.

Half an hour on the Home Service was filled very agreeably by 'Coronation Anthology', a selection of eye-witness accounts of the coronations of seven English sovereigns beginning with George III and ending with Elizabeth II. The choice was made and the narrative spoken by Walter Allen. On George III's coronation we heard the whimsical man-of-the-world letter of Horace Walpole to Horace Mann; on George IV's, Sir Walter Scott and Benjamin Haydon; on William IV's, Macaulay; on Victoria's, Greville, Dean Stanley, and the young Queen herself; on George V's, his own diary; on George VI's, reports collected by Mass Observation, and on our present Queen's, Margaret Lane. (And what of Edward VII's? Did Mr. Allen omit it from his anthology or I from my notes?) The readings were well done except that one or two, notably in the quotation from Dean Stanley, were read in that distressingly unconvincing tone of hushed and modest awe which B.B.C. readers and commentators, or some of them, reserve for religious and otherwise solemn occasions.

A fortnight ago Hallam Tennyson, in 'How Not to Run a Boys' Club', described amusingly his failure to cope with the machinations of Tom and Terry, two young trouble-makers. Last week, in 'The Chance to Belong', Merfyn Lloyd Turner commented on Mr. Tennyson's experiences and suggested methods for solving the knotty problem of what he called 'the unattached boy'. He brought a shrewd psychological insight to bear on these difficult cases, and his account of his experiments, notably in the

Barge Boys' Club in east London, made a lively and interesting talk. The subject of 'Slang' was learnedly explored by Jenifer Wayne in a dramatic form which admitted us to the fictitious Slang Society in whose proceedings a serious presentation of the subject was enlivened by a seasoning of comic relief.

We British were privileged to hear the French poet Jules Supervielle describe 'For the Schools', '*Comment je suis devenu poète*', and earlier in the week, in 'Letter from Paris', Yvette Guyot, with her usual astringent liveliness, told us how the televising of the Coronation in France went straight to 'the *blase* heart of the most *blase* Frenchman'. On the same evening Ernest Ikoli, the Nigerian journalist and broadcaster, analysed the present political and social scene in Nigeria and explained the nature of the recent conflicts in the House of Representatives. This was a masterly exposition of the present problems and the events which led up to them. Mr. Ikoli is a first-rate broadcaster with a gift for presenting a complicated subject without prejudice and with admirable clearness.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Donizetti and Britten

'LA FAVORITA' has long enjoyed the reputation of being the finest of Donizetti's tragic operas. But, like other operas of its kind, it cannot be judged from the vocal score, and even in Italy performances have in recent years been rare. But at the moment interest in Donizetti has revived, and the recent broadcast of his 'Duca d'Alba' proved that he is of considerably higher stature than recollections of scratch performances of 'Lucia di Lammermoor' by a *prima donna* and *cinq poupées* would suggest. There are some lapses into commonplace in 'La Favorita'. The quite enchanting chorus of ladies with a solo for Inez in the second scene is followed by a deplorable duet for the hero and heroine. It would be idle to pretend that, in general, Donizetti's orchestra contributes anything vital to the effect, contenting itself with the menial, though important, task of supporting the voices. Yet every now and then he surprises us with dramatic strokes, which have a power out of all proportion to the means used.

The performance of the old favourite was quite astonishingly good. It is a remarkable fact that nowadays there seem to be better Italian interpreters of Bellini and Donizetti than of Verdi. Giulietta Simionato's Amneris, indeed, shone like a good deed in the otherwise naughty 'Aida', broadcast recently from Covent Garden, where the management ill-advisedly exhibited an old poster advertising a performance in which Destinn and Kirkby Lunn, Caruso and Scotti sang. Thereby they set up for those with long memories impossibly high standards for the singers of today. None the less, Mme. Simionato's Amneris was excellent and her singing in 'La Favorita' was better still, a distinguished piece of work by a singer who is also one of the best Cherubinos we have seen. She was supported by a first-rate cast, including Paolo Silveri, who sang the part of Alfonso most nobly, and Sesto Bruscantini, who revealed that he is a sonorous *basso cantante* as well as a lively *buffo*. The tenor, Gianni Poggi, has been heard in previous operatic broadcasts; I hope we may hear him again, for he has a most agreeable voice and a good style, as style goes nowadays, though top C is only attained by the vocal equivalent of 'prayer and fasting'.

Benjamin Britten has been much to the fore again during the past week, and nothing in the programmes was more enjoyable than the performance he gave with the admirable Amadeus String Quartet of Mozart's Piano-

forte Quartet in E flat. This was as good a performance as I have heard of the work. Only in the finale I think there is more humour in that downward-musing theme than was here extracted from it. Listeners with a gramophone can hear what I mean in the recording made by the Pasquier Trio with Hortense Monath. Schubert's immense and prolix Quartet in G major, with its outbursts of Romantic horror à la Berlioz, made a rather heavy centrepiece to the programme, which ended with Britten's own Quartet in C major. This remarkable tribute to Henry Purcell contains a most brilliant Scherzo and a finale, in the form of variations on a theme in chaconne-rhythm, which, like Wordsworth's fine Third Symphony recently broadcast from Cheltenham, is concerned with the resolution of two contradictory tonalities—a problem which

in the much narrower range between major and minor also engaged Schubert.

Earlier we had a performance of the early 'Les Illuminations' beautifully sung by Myra Verney, with the Boyd Neel String Orchestra. This has always seemed to be one of Britten's best works. In it he found vocal phrases which really clothe the words with music, so that they seem to be the inevitable settings of the poems. The recital from Aldeburgh on Thursday was not available on my Regional wavelength, which preferred to regale us with 'High Lights of 1953' from Lowestoft, the composer's birthplace. So I listened instead to the last of Edward Sackville-West's talk on famous pianists.

Mr. Sackville-West is always worth hearing, whatever his subject, and the pianoforte is, perhaps, the subject on which he speaks with

most authority. Certainly this series is one of the best things of its kind the Third Programme has given us—thoughtful, lively, and admirably illustrated. The qualities, positive and negative, of Schnabel's performances, in particular, could not have been better summed up.

When I heard Messiaen's 'Turangalila' Symphony at Aix three years ago, I thought it a portentous bore. Notwithstanding Mr. Felix Arahmanian's skilful salesmanship, last week's performances, directed by Walter Goehr, did nothing to alter that opinion. If one can imagine someone strumming on a huge orchestra, as someone with an uncertain memory for catchy tunes and no particular feeling for harmony may strum on a pianoforte, the result would be much like this monstrosity.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Piano Sonatas of Clementi

By PHILIP RADCLIFFE

A Clementi recital will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. on Tuesday, July 7 (Third)

THE name of Clementi still has for many of us a pedagogic ring; the Sonatinas 'for the young' and the 'Gradus ad Parnassum' 'for those of riper years'.

Apart from these, he is remembered for his celebrated piano warehouse, but there is still a curious reluctance to accept him as a composer in his own right; Dr. Apel, in his book *Masters of the Keyboard*, does not even mention him. In some ways he seems to follow in the footsteps of Domenico Scarlatti as an Italian composer who spent most of his life away from his native country and, probably for that reason, showed a very un-Italian preoccupation with instrumental music. His earliest piano Sonatas appeared in 1773, before any of those of Mozart, and his latest in 1820, when Beethoven had published all but his last three, and during that long period the development of his style and personality is fascinating to trace.

The year 1773 marks not only the publication of his first Sonatas but also his first appearance in London; he had already been in England for six years, his education having been completed in Wiltshire under the care of Peter Beckford, M.P. The first three Sonatas, Op. 2, are essentially virtuosos' music; they all three consist of two quick movements only, and contain much brilliant passage work in double thirds, octaves, and sixths. At this stage he was preoccupied with keyboard brilliance more than anything else, and this is hardly surprising in a promising young pianist who had just completed his twentieth year. The piano was still a new and exciting instrument, and its sounds were as stimulating to Clementi as those of the harpsichord had been to Domenico Scarlatti.

During the succeeding seven or eight years Clementi's personality developed considerably; from 1777 to 1780 he acted as conductor of the Italian Opera in London, and this must certainly have broadened his general approach to music. The operatic idiom did not affect his work as profoundly as it did Mozart's, but it was, after all, the language on which he had been brought up; by this time it was as popular in England as in its native Italy, and it would have been difficult for him to escape from it. The three Sonatas, Op. 7, which appeared in 1782, are far maturer than the earlier works. The most striking of the set is the third, in G minor; here the texture is sparer, the themes more distinguished, and in the finale there is a surprisingly wide range of modulation. The theme of the first movement has a marked likeness to that of the finale of the 'Eroica' Symphony,

and, apart from this, there is a strong suggestion of Beethoven in the general mood, especially at the very impressive moment when the theme appears in augmentation. The key of G minor seems to have attracted Clementi; he used it for four of his Sonatas, all of which are full of a restless agitation very different from the lyrical pathos with which Mozart usually invested this key.

Between 1780 and 1790 Clementi produced a very great number of Sonatas, varying greatly in character and quality. There are several other striking works in minor keys; Op. 30 No. 1, in G minor, has a strong resemblance to Op. 7 No. 3, especially in its first movement. Op. 26 No. 2, in F sharp minor, is more lyrical, especially in its first movement, which has a singularly appealing pathos. This Sonata dates from 1788; four years before, Clementi had written a yet more remarkable work in F minor, Op. 14 No. 3. Here again the atmosphere is strongly prophetic of Beethoven; the phrase of four notes played by the left hand in the first bar dominates the whole of the first movement like an obsession, appearing in many guises, and often at dramatic and unexpected moments. Behind the operatic lyricism of the slow movement there is a strange feeling of bitterness, especially in the opening bars, and the finale, again, looks clearly ahead to the 'Eroica' theme, with a mysterious and impressive close. Two Sonatas contain sets of variations on themes also treated by Mozart; in those on 'Je suis Lindor', Mozart, though not at his best, wins, but Clementi's treatment of 'Lison dormait' is considerably more interesting than Mozart's. The two composers met in 1782, when Clementi played his Sonata in B flat, Op. 47 No. 2; several years later Mozart used the theme of Clementi's first movement in the overture to 'The Magic Flute' with a wealth of contrapuntal imagination of which Clementi, at that time, was not capable.

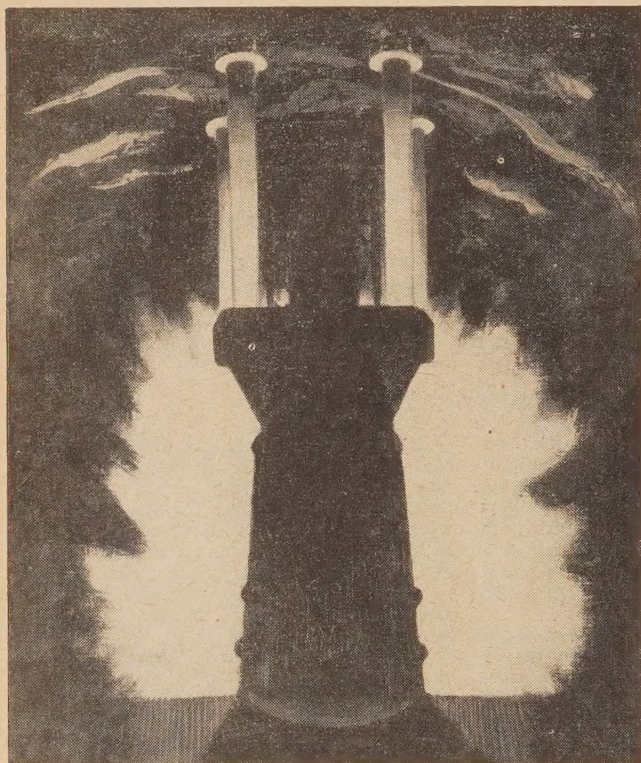
But in the Sonatas written after 1790, counterpoint plays a far more important part in Clementi's style than it had done before, though there is a foretaste of it in the 'Lison dormait' variations. As a boy he had had a solid contrapuntal training at Rome, and had written several polyphonic choral works; now, in his forties, he seems to have felt a strong desire to vary his generally rich keyboard writing with canonic passages, sometimes of remarkable length. Op. 34 No. 2, in G minor and Op. 40 No. 2 in B minor have the intensity of the earlier works in minor keys, developed on a more spacious scale. The

G minor Sonata has a slow introduction that anticipates the theme of the first movement and makes a very surprising reappearance, transformed into a grandiose operatic arioso. The work in B minor consists of two movements, both preceded by slow introductions; it is one of Clementi's finest, very sombre and passionate in tone, and free from monotony in spite of the almost unrelieved minor tonality. These works were all written before 1800; the three latest Sonatas, Op. 50, date from between 1815 and 1820. They show very fully the varied aspects of Clementi's personality, his pianistic brilliance, Italian luxuriance, and love of counterpoint. The slow movements of the first two are particularly striking; that of the Sonata in A is a kind of sarabande, with an admirably sustained two-part canon in its central section, and the Adagio of the D minor Sonata is delicate and sensitive; a kind of link between Mozart's Rondo in A minor and certain works of Chopin.

The third Sonata, in G minor, has the subtitle 'Didone Abbandonata'. In all his maturer work Clementi was obviously aiming more and more at emotional expression, as can be seen from the increasingly elaborate Italian 'stage directions' that appear in them. In 'Didone Abbandonata' this is intensified by the unusually rhapsodic quality of the slow movement, and by occasional suggestions of a programme, as when a phrase marked *lamentando* is followed by another marked *con furia*. The work has not quite the concentrated strength of the B minor Sonata, but it is a remarkable composition, and provides a fitting close to this long series of Sonatas.

The neglect of Clementi's work at the present time is probably due to his proximity to Mozart and Beethoven, and to the fact that, with all his fine qualities, his thematic invention usually falls short of the lyrical distinction of the former or the incisive power of the latter. For many years his music was considered dry, but that is a quality about which fashions often change surprisingly. It is interesting to put side by side two criticisms of the Sonatas, both from Grove's *Dictionary*. Parry says of them that 'a certain dryness and reticence makes them unlikely to be greatly in favour in modern times', while Dannreuther says on the other hand that 'their very acerbity and the conspicuous absence of verbiage must render them the more enduring'. So far, Parry seems to have been the truer prophet, but it is still possible that, in the long run, Dannreuther's view may prove to have been the more far-sighted.

BLAST AND COUNTERBLAST



THE inside of a blast furnace deteriorates with use and every three to five years the refractory material with which it is lined has to be renewed. First, the furnace must be allowed to cool, then the old lining—up to 1,000 tons of it—must be prised out by men with crowbars and pneumatic hammers. In order to save time, many steel works have called in I.C.I., whose Nobel Division in Glasgow has developed a special technique, using new explosives, which enables furnace linings to be blasted out when still hot—without the delay of waiting for the shot holes to cool down to normal temperatures.

With this technique, a blast furnace at Scunthorpe in Lincolnshire was relined in the record time of 22 days, 23 hours and 30 minutes without damage to either the outer shell of the furnace or adjacent plant. A fair average time for the explosive method would be 40 days, as against about 150 days by the old hammer and crowbar method. This speed-up in the relining of furnaces is equivalent to a 4% increase in the total steel-producing capacity of the United Kingdom.



DENTURE CLEANERS SHOULD PENETRATE

HAVE dentures got crevices that are hard to clean? As a matter of fact, they have. Crevices too narrow to admit a toothbrush bristle. Smaller ones still, that can even escape the far more inquisitive probe of immersion cleaning agents.

Dent-Odol has found a key to those locked doors. Dent-Odol contains Empicol L. Z., a new detergent; and because Empicol greatly reduces the surface tension of water, Dent-Odol in solution penetrates where otherwise it could not. Dent-Odol can enter—and oxygenate and clean—a crevice narrower than the smallest globule into which untreated water can divide itself!

There are several practical advantages which only the Dent-Odol formula provides. Longer activity after dissolving. Total dissolving, without a wasted grain. And power to clean every crevice—however small.

Dent-Odol

DOES IT BETTER

From your chemist 1/4: large bottle 2/2½



BY THE MAKERS OF ODOL ORAL HYGIENE PRODUCTS

A PRODUCT OF CRANBUX LIMITED



Please do not tease!

Each Three Nuns disc is a complete blend in itself. Except for the few at the top of the bowl, don't tease them out.

They burn so slowly and coolly that, pipeful for pipeful, Three Nuns is most economical.

Three Nuns



ORIGINAL BLEND • EMPIRE BLEND



For the Housewife

How to Preserve Strawberries

By GERTRUDE TULLIS

MANY people experience difficulty with strawberry jam because the berries are low in essentials for a successful set, acid and pectin. To each 4 lb. of firm, just ripe strawberries, try adding either 8 tablespoons of lemon juice, that is, approximately, the juice of 4 lemons; or you could use 2 level teaspoons of citric or tartaric acid, or, if they are easily available, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of redcurrant, gooseberry, or apple extract would do just as well. To make the extract, simmer 2 lb. of the fruit in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water until it is pulpy, then strain it.

Commercial pectins are particularly useful when making strawberry jam, but it is important to follow a special recipe, and not to turn to these products only when a jam fails to set. If equal quantities of strawberries and gooseberries are used together a more economical preserve is made, and no additional pectin or acid-providing ingredients will be needed.

A strawberry jam with a specially good flavour uses 4 lb. strawberries brought slowly to the boil with the juice of 4 lemons. Simmer this for about 30 minutes very gently to avoid breaking up the fruit, and then add $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sugar. Stir until the sugar has dissolved, then boil rapidly until it will set. To prevent the strawberries from rising to the top of the jars leave the jam for 10 to 15 minutes to cool and thicken slightly before putting it in.

The bottling of strawberries at home is quite a controversial topic, because of the disappointing

appearance of the fruit. However, the flavour is delicious, and I think, providing the fruit is available, it is well worth while. The colour of both the fruit and syrup may be rather pale, and although the less strong food colourings that we are all familiar with may be used, I think it is preferable to add 2 to 3 tablespoons of dark cherry, raspberry, or redcurrant juice to the covering syrup.

Remember, too, that it is an easy matter to colour a strawberry cream or soufflé when you are making it, and that it is the flavour that is all-important.

For bottling choose firm, small berries, which shrink less than the large ones and pack together more easily. To reduce shrinkage, which is usually considerable with strawberries, stand the fruit overnight in a bowl, either sprinkled with sugar or covered with the syrup which will be used in the jars. Next day fill the jars and secure the tops in the usual way. Stand them on a piece of wood, or folded cloth or paper, in a pan which is deep enough for the jars to be at least nearly immersed with cold-water. Gradually raise the temperature of the water in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to 165 degrees Fahrenheit, or to simmering point if you have no thermometer, and maintain this temperature for ten minutes. If, however, you prefer to use the oven method be prepared for rather more shrinkage.

Deep freezing of strawberries in cartons, in either sugar or syrup, is an ideal method of

keeping strawberries both looking and tasting freshly gathered, but to do this a special low-temperature cabinet must be used, and this is not economic for many housewives. Fruit cannot be preserved in the freezing compartment of an ordinary domestic refrigerator.

—Home Service

Notes on Contributors

J. W. DAVIDSON (page 7): Professor of Pacific History, Australian National University

LIONEL P. SMITH (page 15): head of the agricultural branch of the Meteorological Office

BERNARD ASHMOLE (page 17): Keeper of the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum, since 1939; Yates Professor of Archaeology, London University, 1929-1948

JOHN PERRET (page 19): on the staff of the National Institute for Medical Research

JOHN HOLLOWAY (page 25): Lecturer in English, Aberdeen University; author of *The Victorian Sage*

W. B. EMERY (page 27): Edwards Professor of Egyptology, London University, since 1951; director of excavation at North Sakkarā 1935-1939; author of *Great Tombs of the First Dynasty, Nubian Treasure*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,209.

Perfectly Plain.

By Fez

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, July 9

The square is to be filled in by putting a bar at the end of a completed word and not a blocked square. There is only one blocked square—as shown. The final result is symmetrical. There are 16 unchecked letters and these can be seen in G.G. LET THY CHILD ARM.

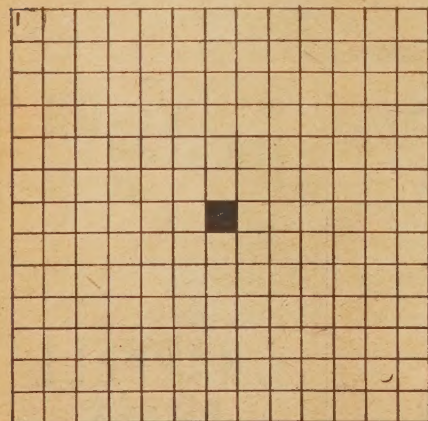
CLUES—ACROSS

1. Alice stole his squeaky pencil and inverted him (3 words)
12. Sheltered heart of whalebone

13. Flush as a Scottish hag
15. A penniless guess to some extent
16. Slightly coloured
17. Sour
18. Chinese native disperses the fragrant oil
19. Can this is frank
20. To suffer an obstruction
21. Service-tree
22. There is interest in the end of dross
23. Since the headland is disturbed—
25. The fates combine for aural protection
28. The square ingoing of a window
31. Ramble round round songs
32. Cave to cave
33. Welsh
37. Paul's liars and slow bellies (singular)
39. B. Brutus in play
42. Exercise disturbs the Herb of Grace
43. B. Where my serpent of old—?
46. Reassemble friend at last
48. 17's head is fled
49. Jury is not in mate
51. B. Leaner or French binder
52. Head strange old railway disturbed
53. Or cloy the hungry — of appetite
54. Violin from French cow-parsnip
55. B. Last of a race in ruin . . . He spoke the speech of the —s
56. Preferable with love to a stalled ox and hatred

DOWN

1. Red stable cart (anagram)
2. Rhea Silvia
3. Tenacity
4. U. Extra telegrams bear a message—the glutton
5. Call the horse!
6. Headless coloured pasture
7. There's little of its head in this storeroom today
8. Wood of the smoke-tree
9. Mysterious
10. To govern
11. Jean Webster's crane-fly
13. U. Sambo's brother
14. An Englishman's head is impudence
21. Silenus was the most famous
24. Lucifer
26. Ten ephaps
27. Arab cant united a Spanish wine
29. Better to — with Pope, than shine with Pye



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

30. Creek
34. It's unfavourable to rest in man
35. One of the Belis
36. Game to batter in the broken pony
37. U. African fox—100 for 50 in Dill
38. Comedian Tommy letterless but kindles a spark
40. Was to wed a laggard in love and a dastard in war
41. 'My mind to me a kingdom is', he wrote
43. U. Vie with a cap
44. Spoon or float-board of a mill-wheel
47. U. Notion
50. U. To throw out water (on the fire?)

Solution of No. 1,207

C	R	O	P	C	A	M	O	T	I	C	52	17	47
A	O	R	T	A	D	I	B	E	O	N	55	15	34
A	W	N	I	D	O	L	I	N	N	I	38	40	37
B	I	A	S	S	W	I	S	S	O	D	31	89	19
A	N	T	A	E	N	E	I	D	R	A	35	38	19
A	G	E	N	T	Q	U	E	A	N	S	47	77	
B	E	L	Z	U	S	U	V	D	I	E	7	40	18
A	R	Y	E	L	L	T	E	A	S	E	54	50	
B	I	N	T	O	E	A	N	N	A	T	25	40	50
E	C	E	A	S	E	H	I	T	C	H	33	48	
E	A	T	S	E	T	A	B	S	E	E	26	45	29

8 86 110 79 8 57 69 26 58 38 31

4 36 39 71 116 61 42 60 9 75 62

12 71 9 25 54 9

NOTE

The key to the solution is that Reynaldo in his one short scene in *Hamlet* speaks only one eleven letter word—CONSEQUENCE. From this starting point, CAABA can be immediately deduced, followed by AORTA—AWN—ORNATELY—BIAS—ANT—ROWING—CROP— and so all the rest falls inevitably into place.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: H. S. T ibe (Sutton); 2nd prize: Mrs. P. D. She-ton (Walsall); 3rd prize: James Love (Dundee)

Study at Home for a DEGREE!

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without going "into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three examinations (in some cases two). You can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall Courses have enabled thousands of men and women to obtain Degrees and thereby raise their status and their salaries. Write for **PROSPECTUS** to C. D. PARKER, M.A., LL.D., Dept. FE85,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

Learn to Write and Earn While You Learn

Hundreds of journals need articles and stories from outside contributors for every issue. Qualify by post to earn money by your pen in spare time.

Post this advertisement to The Regent Institute (Dept. LJ/17), Palace Gate, London, W.8—enclosing a 2d. stamp—and we will send you "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and "How to Succeed as a Writer" (an informative prospectus).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO Dunedin, New Zealand Lectureship in Mathematics

Applications are invited for this Lectureship, salary range £800-£950 p.a.

Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

The closing date for the receipt of applications in London and New Zealand, is 15th August, 1953.

AS GOOD AS NEW



Send us your old silverware—Teapots, Spoons, Forks, Entree Dishes, etc. No matter what condition they are in, we will return them to you "As good as new." We electroplate stainless chrome plate and repair at small cost.

Free price list gladly sent on request.

JAMES ALLEN & CO. ESTD. 1900
Dept. L., VICTORIA WORKS
VICTORIA STREET, SHEFFIELD 3
Only Old Sheffield! Craftsman Employed

YOUR PEN CAN PAY for YOUR HOLIDAY!

Your holiday this year, next year and all the years to come can provide unlimited material for articles, and short stories. Once you learn the art you can always make money.

The London School of Journalism has had over 30 years of unbroken leadership throughout the world in training writers by post. It is the quality of the personal instruction that makes the difference between success and failure, the quality that caused "Truth" to say: "The LSJ claims less and achieves more."

The School is under the patronage of the Rt. Hon. Lord Camrose, Sir Frank Newnes, Bt., Sir Ernest Benn, Bt., Sir Philip Gibbs, K.B.E., Sir Newman Flower.

If you feel that you have a bent for writing, you should write to the School for advice. As a preliminary you should obtain the free book "Writing for the Press" which gives full details of the methods which have enabled many thousands of people all over the world to profit from their writing. The fees are low, advice is free—there is no time limit. If you have a MS. send it with your letter addressed to:

Chief Secretary, LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. MUSEUM 4574

"There are LSJ students all over the world"

Would you believe it?

PEOPLE
CAN BE
CRUEL
TO DOGS
LIKE
THIS!



WE ARE LIVING in an era of violence in which animals, being defenceless and unable to bear witness, are too frequently the bewildered victims. The pet you cherish is lucky. A twist of circumstance might have put your dog or cat at the mercy of motiveless brutality. It is the aim of the RSPCA to protect the animals which are unloved. But cruelty by ignorance is equally common. To combat it the Society undertakes the task of teaching owners to care intelligently for their pets, to feed them wisely, to assure their comfort and happiness. If you love animals please help to maintain these campaigns by sending a donation or keeping an RSPCA collection box. Please write to:—The Chief Secretary, (Dept. L), RSPCA, 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

Remember the
RSPCA

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

Applications are invited for the position of **LECTURER/SENIOR LECTURER IN APPLIED MATHEMATICS**. Salary for a Lecturer will be within the range of £650-£1000 (Australian) per annum, for a Senior Lecturer £1050-£1300 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at 1/5/53, £247 males and £187 females), with annual increments of £50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Applications, supported by copies of testimonials and giving the names of three referees should be forwarded to reach the Registrar, University of Sydney, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, not later than 31st July, 1953. In addition, overseas candidates are requested to forward a copy of the application to the Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. from whom further information may be obtained. W. H. Maze, Registrar.

CORONATION ILLUSTRATED LECTURE at VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

(by kind permission of the Director)

July 8th at 8.15 p.m. "Treasures of Westminster Abbey," a topical lecture by Lawrence E. Tanner, M.V.O., V.P.S.A., Keeper of Monuments and Library, Westminster Abbey.

Tickets 5/- from Y.W.C.A., 108, Baker Street, London, W.1.
Telephone: WELbeck 6591.

Please note: Proceeds from this event will help the Y.W.C.A.'s National work and its Clubs and Hostels in crowded London areas.

If unable to attend the Lecture your donation will be most gladly received by the Y.W.C.A.—its needs are urgent.



PRIVATE TREATMENT in ILLNESS NO FINANCIAL WORRY

In the event of serious illness or operation many people want private advice and treatment for themselves and their families, but are afraid of the cost. B.U.P.A. offers an inexpensive solution. For a very reasonable annual subscription, the Association pays all

or a major part of the cost of private nursing home, hospital, and specialist treatment, members being entirely free to make their own arrangements.

The Association's sole aim is to assist its members; it is entirely non-profit-making.

Attractive special schemes are available for Staff Groups. Send postcard for brochure to:

THE BRITISH UNITED PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION

President: The Viscount Nuffield, G.B.E., F.R.S.

61 BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE (Dept. 1/35), LONDON, E.C.1

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

By means of this Certificate entrance to London University is primarily effected and thus, taken under certain specified conditions, it constitutes the first step to gaining a London Univ. Degree, which is possible without residence. If complying with certain stipulations, it can exempt from various Professional Prelim. exams. Moreover, if offered in four or five subjects at the Ordinary Level, the Certificate provides satisfactory evidence of good general education. U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students for the Ordinary and Advanced Levels of London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, etc. Moderate fees; instalments if desired.

★ PROSPECTUS post free from the Registrar,
University

Correspondence College
56 Burlington House, Cambridge

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the General Certificate of Education examination; B.Sc. Econ.; LL.B.; and other external London University Degrees. Civil Service, Local Government and Commercial Examinations, &c.

Also expert postal tuition for Prelim. Exams. and for the professional exams in Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management, &c., and many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in commercial subjects.

More than 65,000 POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESSSES
Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Text-book lending library. Moderate fees; payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D/1).

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE ST. ALBANS

or call 30 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

AUSTRALIAN BROADCASTING COMMISSION Producer of Drama and Features VICTORIA

The Australian Broadcasting Commission invites applications for appointment to the position of Producer of Drama and of Feature programmes on the staff of the Victorian Branch of the Commission in Melbourne.

The successful applicant will be appointed at a salary according to qualifications and experience within the range £A1214-1428 (to which is at present added a cost-of-living adjustment of £A192 per annum). Applicants should state age and nationality and furnish full particulars of experience in broadcasting and qualifications as a producer. Duties will include producing serials, plays, and special features as required. Applicants should possess a good knowledge of the history of drama and developments in radio drama and have had experience in studio production technique and in editing and adaptation of plays. An understanding of radio writing in regard to both features and plays is desirable. Copies only of references should be forwarded.

Applications which close on 24th July, 1953, should be addressed to the Assistant Controller of Administration (Personnel), Australian Broadcasting Commission, Box 487, G.P.O., Sydney, Australia.

SIDNEY HARRISON



of
Television
Piano Lessons
fame

ONE OF
THE MANY
PIANISTS
USING

CHAPPELL PIANOS

CHAPPELL PIANO COMPANY LTD.
50, New Bond Street, London, W.1